

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Felix ille, quem semotum longe e strepitu et popularibus undis,
interdum molli rus accipit umbra!
Sivefrem tenui Musam meditabor avena.

Rapin.

All-gracious Freedom! O vouchsafe to smile
Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Isle!
Far may the boughs of liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
For ever blasted be that impious hand
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!
Britons! 'tis your's to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

(Stanzas, &c.)

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
By J. ASPIN, Lombard Street, Whitefriars;
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Containing his

PASTORALS,	PROLOGUES,
FABLES,	EPILOGUES,
TALES,	EPIGRAMS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,
SONGS,	MISCELLANIES.

&c. &c. &c.

Can the deep Statesman, skilled in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd foll'wer of the sacred Nine
Soothe with his melody insatiate Death?
No.....

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The Schobman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Level'd lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train,
Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,
And from the moral prospect learn how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

Elegy on a Pile of Ruins.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND EMRELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.





COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Engraved by W. Bullock, from an Original Drawing

CUNNINGHAM.

Printed at Cambridge, by Messrs. Rowe, March 28th 1785.

LIFE OF CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was born in Dublin, in the year 1729. His father followed the profession of a wine-cooper, and maintained a respectable character; though, by the pressure of expences inevitably attending the demands of a numerous family, he was often involved in circumstances of difficulty and distress.

Having obtained a prize of considerable amount in the lottery, he was so elated with his success, that, disdaining to follow the mechanical profession to which he had been trained from early life, he immediately relinquished it, commenced wine-merchant, formed an acquaintance superior to his usual level, and sacrificed to his vanity his own interest and that of his family; for his want of economy and connection soon reduced him to a state of bankruptcy.

Our Author, at the time of his father's failure, was at the grammar-school in the city of Drogheda, under the care of Mr. Clark, from whose tuition he derived all the learning he possessed. From thence the embarrassed state of his father's affairs recalled him to Dublin, where having no certain employment, during the course of several years, he turned his views to the drama, and, at the age of seventeen, produced a piece of two acts, entitled, "Love in a Mist;" or, "The Last of Spirit;" which was performed at the Theatre Royal, received with applause, and had a considerable run.

The benefit accruing from young Cunningham's first literary effort proved a very seasonable relief, and extricated him from difficulties to which he had been long and unavoidably exposed, through the very circumscribed state of his finances; and the favourable reception of his piece by the public, together with the commendation bestowed on it by the performers, induced him to become actor as well as author. Accordingly he engaged with the manager of an itinerant company of comedians, with whom he came to England, and assumed the drama, which he followed, with very few intervals of variation, during the subsequent period of his life.

He never attained to a degree of eminence as an actor, nature having denied him the essential requisites of figure, voice, and expression; though, from the strength of his mind, he discovered a just conception of his author; which induced the liberal and

discriminating part of his audience frequently to lament his want of the powers of execution. In the representation of French characters, however, he was not wholly devoid of merit. He passed two or three seasons at the theatre in Edinburgh, under the direction of Mr. Digges; but neither added to his fame or fortune by theatrical pursuits; though no circumstance or situation could induce him to decline them. From Edinburgh he came over to Newcastle upon Tyne; formed a connection with Mr. Slack, printer, at that place; and by his services in conducting and establishing a newspaper, so conciliated himself with his employer, that his regard for him terminated but with life.

Mr. Cunningham, in process of time, had acquired such reputation as an author, that he was solicited to leave his situation in the North of England, and accept of the invitation of some bookfellers in London, by which means, through the exertion of his talents, he might have procured a livelihood more competent as well as respectable, than by the trivial pursuits which engaged his attention in the country.

This invitation, accompanied with promises of patronage, and every assurance of encouragement, at length overcame his natural supineness, and induced him to repair to London: but he no sooner arrived in the capital, than his indolence or diffidence gained the ascendant over him, so that he resolved on a speedy departure; and accordingly left town after a very short and disagreeable stay in it, and returned to join the itinerant company in the north, notwithstanding all the persuasions and entreaties of his friends to the contrary. This was the only opportunity offered him for emerging from the obscure situation in which complicated misfortunes had placed him in early life. However, his views seem not to have extended beyond a mere competence, as he could never be prevailed on to make a second attempt.

We shall introduce some extracts from a letter written by Mr. Cunningham, at Scarborough, to a theatrical friend (Mr. Lewis) in London, in which our Author may be said to have drawn his own character. They are as follow:

“ I reproach myself severely for my *general indolence*. Mr. Davies, the Bookfeller, does me honour by his proposal. I am solicited daily both from Edinburgh and Newcastle, to the same purpose; at both which places I think I might depend on general subscriptions (nay, in most of the northern towns I have a sort of acquainted interest) but I have some *diffidence*, and, as I observed above, much *indolence*; so that I have never yet come to a determination. I should be happy in a *correspondence* with Mr.

Davies; and as he is supplied with French articles, should like to divert myself with translation. I am fond, you know, of the French. I remember you liked *The Rose and Butterfly*, I imitated from *La Motté*.

“ You may remember my last expedition to London: I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (but a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I consider it as my duty, it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence be weary of it. I am not enterprising, and tolerably happy in my present situation.

“ I am afraid I shall not compass my Collection of Fugitives this winter; but, after a tedious fit of *idleness*, I scribbled up an affair within these few days, which I call an Apologue,” &c. &c.

These passages may be truly said to mark the man, as they exhibit the most prominent traits of his character, drawn by himself. The life of Cunningham, indeed, was barren of incident, and so uniform, that it affords very little matter for entertainment. There is, however, a little anecdote related of him, which gave birth to a very humorous impromptu.

Cunningham lodged at the Golden Lion Inn at Scarborough, in the summer of the year 1765. The landlord was a meek, passive husband; and the landlady a very termagant. It happened, on a certain occasion, that the lady's temper was ruffled by a trivial incident that occurred, and as no soothing could restrain the impetuosity of her passion, she burst into violent exclamations; nor did either husband, guests, or servants, escape the fury of her clamorous tongue. The Poet, whose placid temper ill suited with the vehemence of this virago, left the house, and taking the landlord with him into the street, pointed to the sign, and uttered these words:

Friend W..... if you would get rid of a scold,
And live without trouble and strife;
I'd advise you to take down your lion of gold,
And hang up your brazen-fac'd wife.

He afterwards varied these lines, according to the form which may be seen amongst the verses entitled, “ *The Postscript*.”

Some months before our Author paid the debt of nature, a nervous fever rendered him incapable of any exertion, theatrical or poetical. This afflicting stroke afforded his friend Mr. Slack an opportunity for the display of his humanity and benevolence. He received him into his house; where he was attended with the utmost care, and supplied with every thing which his condition

required. After languishing some time under his friend's hospitable roof, apprehending the approach of his dissolution, he conceived a design of destroying all his papers, which he soon effected, by committing them to the flames. Mr. Slack, alarmed at the blaze, hastened to the room in which Cunningham lay, and expressing his surprise at so extraordinary a circumstance, the poor Bard, almost breathless, pointing to the fire, whispered, *There ! There !*

He testified his grateful sense of the benevolence of his friend Slack, who so liberally supplied his wants, and softened the rigour of his last illness, in the following lines, addressed to a particular acquaintance, which strongly indicate the impression of his mind on the melancholy occasion:

The drama and I have shook hands,
We're parted, no more to engage;
Submissive, I met her commands,
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more,
My mornings of pleasure are fled;
'Tis painful my fate to endure;
A pension supplies me with bread.

Dependent at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise;
I conquer my pride as I can;
His charity merits my praise.

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply;
His friendship exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

While he lingered under the disorder which put a period to his existence, he was supposed to have had intervals of delirium; from the incoherence of what he frequently uttered, and particularly from his repetition of the following words, of which the sense is very obscure:

Why was this irksome being forced upon me ?
Incapable of choice, I fought it not.
Where is then the boasted mercy men allow you,
Since not to be avoided I am wretched ?

Our Author expired at Newcastle on the 18th of September, 1773, and was interred in St. John's church-yard; where, to perpetuate his memory, Mr. Slack, whose friendly offices extended beyond the limits of mortality, erected a tombstone with the following inscription:

Here lie the Remains of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Of his excellence
 As a Pastoral Poet,
 His Works will remain a Monument
 For Ages

After this temporary Tribute of Esteem
 Is in Dust forgotten.

He died in Newcastle, September 18, 1773,

Aged 44.

To form a judgment of Mr. Cunningham's poetical merit, it will be necessary to refer to his Works. The *pastoral* seems to have been his favourite theme, in which his compositions place him in a very respectable line. Indeed, that species of writing appears to have been congenial to his disposition, which was remarkably mild and placid, but rather inclined to despondency. His deportment was modest and unassuming; and his general character such as recommended him to the esteem of the small circle of friends with whom he was conversant.

The only tribute paid to Mr. Cunningham's merit as a Poet, is the inscription on the tombstone erected to his memory by his friend Mr. Slack; his Biographers have passed it over in silence, not adverting to one of the many beauties with which his writings abound: we shall therefore take the liberty of pointing out some passages, as proofs of his excellence in that species of poetry to which his genius was so happily adapted.

In what a picturesque manner does our Author display the enlivening effects of Summer after a severe and rigorous winter, in the following lines of his Landscape!

Now that summer's ripen'd bloom,
 Frolics where the winter frown'd
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
 We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
 Humble dales and mountains bold,
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

The approach of May is no less beautifully described by the same tuneful Bard:

From the west as it wantonly blows,
 Fend Zephyr caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine.

The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide ;
For May is the mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array ;
And if the wing'd forefathers sing,
Their music is taught them by May.

The pastoral poetry of Cunningham possesses an elegant simplicity, and indicates a strong and lively fancy ; it abounds with images painted from nature, and exhibits all the beauties of rural scenery. We have selected the following from his Pastorals, of Morning, Noon, and Evening :

MORNING.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night ;
And the lark, to meet the Morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood
Now the Noontide radiance glows :
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

Now the hill, the hedge is green ;
Now the warbler's throat's in tune ;
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free (the furrowed task is done ;)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the Ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud.

His *Elegy on a Pile of Ruins*, in imitation of Gray, is written with as much spirit, and possesses many poetical beauties. In the opening of the Poem, he has given a very lively picture of the romantic ruins of the Abbey and Castle of Roslin :

In the full prospect yonder hill commands
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
The vestige of an ancient Abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd Castle's rude remains.

Half buried there, lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk and urn, o'erthrown by time;
And many a cherub there descends in dust,
From the rent roof and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound
Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;
And, ashlings wafted from the neighbouring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

From a familiarity of genius, our Author conciliated the esteem of Mr. Shennstone, at whose instance he is said to have turned his thoughts to Pastoral Poetry. From his *Corydon*, inscribed to the memory of his deceased friend, we transcribe the following lines.

Come, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd *Corydon* laid;
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the Pride of the Plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glowed in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rise their cell.

Ye Lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go, bleat and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.



PASTORALS.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

.....Carpe diem. *Hor.*

MORNING.

I.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet, perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock)
Jocund that the Morning's nigh.

4

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

8

III.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark, to meet the Morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

12

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chattering swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

16

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daifies in the dewy dale.

20

VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task is done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

24

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,

PASTORALS.

23

"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
"But take me, fond shepherd---I'm thine." 16

III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms. 20

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if by yon' prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream. 24

IV.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
And point out new themes for my Muse. 28

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire;
The damsel's of humble descent:
The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content. 32

THE RESPITE:

A PASTORAL.

AH! what is it to me that the grasshopper sings?
Or what that the meadows are fair?
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)
The butterflies flaunt it in air? 4

Ye Birds! I'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the forest resign:
Shall you with your true-loves be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine? 8

II.

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite
We twist'd a blooming alcove,
And oft has my Damon with smiles of delight
Declar'd it the mantle of love. 12

The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,

Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows. 16

III.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd;
We call it—the King of the Grove;
He swore a light breeze should its centre divide
When he was not true to his love. 20

Come, come, gentle Zephyr! in justice descend;
His falsehood you're bound to display:
This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
For Damon has left me—a day. 24

IV.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick
Prepar'd to make Phillida blest'd; [tree,
And clasping the maid from an heart full of glee,
The cause of his absence confess'd. 28

High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
Too often repeated, would cloy;
And Respite he found were the means to improve,
And lengthen the moments of joy. 32

A PASTORAL*.

I.

WHERE the fond Zephyr thro' the woodbine
plays,
And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
Impatient, for 'tis past the promis'd hour. 4

II.

Lend me thy light, O ever sparkling star,
Bright Hesper! In thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid. 8

III.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,
This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night. 12

† The hint of this Pastoral was taken from the Seventh Idyllium of Moschus, translated by Dr. Broome.

PASTORALS.

To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home ! 15 88

XXIII.

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carrols to the Ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud ! 92

XXIV.

How the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake,
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake ! 96

XXV.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings. 100

XXVI.

Tripping thro' the silken grafs
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well pois'd milking-pail. 104

XXVII.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting-sun adieu. 108

PALEMON :

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, seated by his favourite maid,
The sylvan scenes with ecstacy survey'd ;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day :
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize, 5
Reluctant in his turn Alexis tries.

PALEMON. This breeze by the river, how charm-
ing and soft !

How smooth the grafs carpet ! how green !

Sweet, sweet sings the lark! as he carrols aloft
His music enlivens the scene. 10

A thousand fresh flow'rets, unusually gay,
The fields and the forests adorn;
I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn. 14

ALEXIS. The skies are quite clouded, too bold
Dull vapours descend on the plain; [is the breeze,
The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
The birds cannot compass a strain:
In search for a chaplet my temples to bind
All day as I silently rove, 20
I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMON. I ne'er saw the hedge in such excel-
The lambkins so wantonly gay; [lent bloom,
My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume,
And brighter than common the day. 26
If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask
So rich why the landscapes appear?
To give a right answer, how easy my task!
Because my sweet Phillida's here. 30

ALEXIS. The stream that so muddy moves slow-
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide; [ly along,
It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
But Daphne sat then by my side. 34
See, see the lov'd maid! o'er the meadows she lies;
Quite alter'd already the scene!
How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue skies!
The hills and the hedges, how green! 36

POMONA:

A PASTORAL.

On the Cyder-Bill being passed.

I.

FROM orchards of ample extent
Pomona's compell'd to depart,
And thus as in anguish she went,
The goddess unburthen'd her heart: 4

II.

" To flourish where Liberty reigns
 " Was all my fond wishes requir'd,
 " And here I agreed with the swains
 " To live till their freedom expir'd. 3

III.

" Of late you have number'd my trees,
 " And threaten'd to limit my store :
 " Alas ! from such maxims as these
 " I fear that your freedom's no more, 12

IV.

" My flight will be fatal to May ;
 " For how can her gardens be fine ?
 " The blossoms are doom'd to decay,
 " (The blossoms I mean that were mine.) 16

V.

" Rich Autumn remembers me well ;
 " My fruitage was fair to behold !
 " My pears—how I ripen'd their swell !
 " My pippins—were pippins of gold ! 20

VI.

" Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs ;
 " She droops as she furrows the soil : "
 " A nectar I shake from my boughs ;
 " A nectar that softens my toil ! 24

VII.

" When Bacchus began to repine,
 " With patience I bore his abuse ;
 " He said that I plunder'd the vine ;
 " He said that I pilfer'd his juice. 28

VIII.

" I know the proud drunkard denies
 " That trees of my culture should grow :
 " But let not the traitor advise ;
 " He comes from the climes of your foe. 32

IX.

" Alas ! in your silence I read
 " The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore ;
 " 'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed
 " My orchard shall flourish no more." 36

X.

The goddesses flew off in despair,
As all her sweet honours declin'd,
And Plenty and Pleasure declare
They'll loiter no longer behind.

49

DELIA :

A PASTORAL.

I.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide
Divides the whisp'ring waves.

4

The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be ;
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

8

II.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd
That held her callow young :

12

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
The genial brood must be ;
But not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

16

III.

The roses that my brows surround
Were natives of the dale ;
Scarce pluck'd, and in the garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale !

20

My vital bloom would thus be froze
If luckless torn from thee ;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

24

IV.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair !

PASTORALS.

The birds to Delia I'll bestow;
They're like her bosom, fair!

19

28

When in their chaste connubial love
My secret wish she'll see,
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove
May Delia share with me!

32

DAMON AND PHILLIS,

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Donec gratus eram, &c.

DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,
I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair;
But, ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows! 4
To the groves with young Colin the shepherds flies,
While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHIL. Bethink you, false Damon! before you
upbraid:

When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, Poor Phillis
forgot!

And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot.
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize; 11
'Tis Phœbe not Phillis lays claim to your sighs.

DAM. Like summer's full season young Phœbe is
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind! [kind;
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn; 15
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the Morn!
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful and deign'd to be mine.

PHIL. On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day, 21
When birds as like bridegrooms all pair'd on the
spray;

Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon the rover were constant and kind.

DAM. Fine folks, my sweet Phillis! may revel
 and range,
 But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on change!
 In the villager's cottage such constancy springs, 27
 That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
 To the church then let's hasten, our transports to
 bind,
 And Damon will always prove faithful and kind. 30
 PHIL. To the church then let's hasten, our trans-
 ports to bind,
 And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind. 32

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

I

COME, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid!
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid. 4

They call'd him the Pride of the Plain;
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!
 He mark'd on his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind. 8

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never would rifle their cell. 12

Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own. 16

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year. 20

PASTORALS.

21

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges, so vocal before!)
Since he that should welcome the spring
Salutes the gay season no more.

24

IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd—they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?

28

Ye Shepherds! henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

32

CORYDON AND PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL.

I.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day,
And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove
Among the fresh violets lay;
A youngling, it seems, had been stol'n from its dam
(Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,)
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

4

8

II.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise:
“Ye Gods! if so killing,” he cry'd, “when she
“I'm lost when she opens her eyes! [sleeps,
“To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
“I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace.
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For Love had him nail'd to the place.

16

III.

“Hush, hush'd be these birds; what a bawling
they keep!”
He cry'd, “you're too loud on the spray:

"Don't you see, foolish Lark! that the charmer's
asleep?

"You'll awake her as sure as 'tis day. 20

"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
maid!

"Her cheek he mistakes for the rose:

"I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid

"My boldness would break her repose." 24

IV.

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:

"Kind Shepherd," she said, "you mistake;

"I laid myself down just to rest me awhile,

"But, trust me, have still been awake." 28

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow;

He plac'd himself close by her side,

And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,

But yesterday made her his bride. 32

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,

As 'wilder'd and weary'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,

And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home. 4

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor, [crown'd

Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly

And deck'd the sod seats at her door. [round,

II.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;

While thrown from my guard by some glances she
cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast. 12

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins! her voice was divine!)

PASTORALS.

13

Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

28

VIII.

Colin, from the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

32

IX.

Sweet—O sweet the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

36

NOON.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood
Now the Noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose,

40

XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy feat.

44

XII.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

48

XIII.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

52

XIV.

Cattle court the Zephyrs bland
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

56

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flut'ring Zephyr springs,
Fearful lest the Noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

60

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to stir;
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

64

XVII.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending show'r,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.

68

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

72

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free—(the furrow'd task is done)—
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

76

XX.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

80

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

84

XXII.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,

IV.

The moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud ;
 Her smiles so gracious I no longer view :
 Let her remain behind that envious shroud ;
 My hopes, bright Hesperus! depend on you. 16

V.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast ;
 Hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee :
 Hear then what Love and Innocence request,
 And shed your kindest influence on me. 20

VI.

Thee, Venus loves, first twinkler of the sky,
 Thou art her star in golden radiance gay !
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye ;
 Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way. 24

VII.

I see the darling of my soul—my love !
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell :
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove.
 Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell ! 28

A PASTORAL HYMN

TO JANUS.

On the Birth of the Queen.

Te primum pia thura rogent...te vota salutant,
te colat omnis homos. *Mart. ad Janum.*

I.

To Janus, gentle Shepherds! raise a shrine ;
 His honours be divine !
 And as to mighty Pan, with homage bow :
 To him the virgin troop shall tribute bring ;
 Let him be hail'd like the green-livery'd Spring,
 Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow. 6

II.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
 Glides wontonly away :
 But January,† in his rough-spun vest,

† This little Poem was written on the supposition that Her Majesty's birthday was really in the month of January.

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Boasts the full blessings that can never fade ;
 He that gave birth to the illustrious maid
 Whose beauties make the British monarch blest ! 12

III.

Could the soft Spring, with all her sunny showers,
 The frolic nurse of flowers !
 Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
 Could they produce a finish'd piece so rare ?
 Or from his golden stores a gift so fair,
 Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd ? 18

IV.

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay,
 As the white-hawthorn'd May !
 The laughing goddess of the spring disown'd,
 Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear :
 Old Janus, as he leads, shall fill the year,
 And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd. 24

V.

Above the other months supremely blest !
 Glad Janus stands confess'd,
 He can behold, with retrospective face,
 The mighty blessings of the year gone by ;
 Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
 Assembled ev'ry Glory, ev'ry Grace ! 30

VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
 The golden hours appear,
 As in the sacred reign of Saturn fair :
 Britain shall prove, from this propitious date,
 Her honours perfect, victories complete,
 And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir. 36



FABLES.

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR :

A FABLE.

AS an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,
A Worm; in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd, "Bless your good Worship, where-ever you
go !

"I hope your great Mightiness won't take it ill 5

"I pay my respects with a hearty good will."

With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,

"Begone, you vile reptile!" his Antship reply'd.

"Go, go and lament your contemptible state ;

"But first—look at me—see my limbs, how com-
plete ! 10

"I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,

"Run backward and forward, and turn when I
please.

"Of Nature (grown weary) you shocking essay !

"I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my
way."

The reptile, insulted, and vex'd to the soul, 15
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole ;
But Nature, determin'd to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigu'd with the harvest, and tugging his load,)

The beau on a violet bank he beheld, 21

Whose gesture in glory a monarch's excell'd ;

His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold

So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay, 25

Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away :

"Stop, friend," says the butterfly—"don't be
surpris'd ;

"I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd ;

"But now I can mount; in the sunbeams I play,
 "While you must for ever drudge on in your
 "way." 30

MORAL.

A wretch tho' to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
 May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-
 morrow. 32

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY :

A FABLE.

AT day's early dawn, a gay Butterfly spy'd
 A budding young Rose, and he with'd her his bride;
 She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
 And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers would do;
 He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true. 6
 It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
 The bloom of a Rose, passes quickly away,
 And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies;
 From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies; 11
 Nor did he revisit his bride till the sun
 Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The Rose thus reproach'd him—"Already so
 cold!

"How feign'd, O you false one! the passion you told!
 "'Tis an age since you left me." She meant a few
 hours; 16

But such we'll suppose the fond language of flow'rs.
 "I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:
 "How, how could you stoop to a meanness like
 this?

"Shall a low little wretch, whom we roses despise,
 "Find favour, O Love! in my Butterfly's eyes? 21
 "On a tulip quite tawdry I saw your fond rape,
 "Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
 "Dull daffodils, too, were with ardour address'd;
 "And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd." 25

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer, [my dear!

"That you're first to complain, I commend you,
 "But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
 "And if I'm inconstant I copy from you.
 "I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms; 30
 "I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;
 "The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown;
 "You favour'd besides—Oh dishonour!—a drone:
 "Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
 "Your sweets were made common, false Rose! to
 "a fly." 35

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did Love's providence make,
 That ev'ry coquette should be curs'd with a rake. 37

THE SHEEP AND BRAMBLE-BUSH:

A FABLE.

A Thick-twisted Brake, in the time of a storm,
 Seem'd kindly to cover a Sheep;
 So snug for a while he lay shelter'd and warm,
 It quietly sooth'd him asleep. 4

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at
 peace,

The Sheep to his pasture inclin'd;
 But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece;
 His coat's left a forfeit behind. 8

My Friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
 Consider before you get in;
 Tho' judgment and sentence are pass'd on your side,
 By Jove! you'll be fleec'd to the skin. 12

THE FOX AND CAT:

A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one day,
 With moral discourses cut shorter the way:

"Tis great," says the Fox, "to make justice our
 guide!"

"How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin reply'd. 4

While thus they proceeded--a wolf from the wood
 Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
 Rush'd forth--as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
 And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched Victim! for mercy you bleat :
 "When mutton's at hand," says the wolf, "I must
 "eat."10

Grimalkin's astonish'd--the Fox stood aghast,
 To see the fell beast at his bloody repast. [brutes!
 "What a Wretch!" says the Cat--,"Tis the vilest of
 "Does he feed upon flesh when there's herbage--
 and roots?"

Cries the Fox--"While our oaks give us acorns so
 good,"15

"What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd
 still,

Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a
 mill:

Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
 And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize. 20

A mouse too,-that chanc'd from her covert to
 stray,

The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A spider, that sat in her web on the wall,
 Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall.
 She cry'd--"Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
 So ran to regale on a new-taken fly. 26

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
 But tax not ourselves tho' we practise the same. 28



TALES.

THE THRUSH AND PIE :

A TALE.

CONCEAL'D within a hawthorn bush,
We're are told, that an experienc'd Thrush
Instructed, in the prime of spring,
Many a neighb'ring bird to sing :
She caroll'd, and her various song 5
Gave lessons to the listening throng :
But (th'entangling boughs between)
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length the little wondering race
Would see their fav'rite face to face : 10
They thought it hard to be deny'd,
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide,
O'er-modest worth's peculiar fault.
Another shade the tut'refs sought,
And, loth to be too much admir'd, 15
In secret from the bush retir'd.

An impudent, presuming Pie,
Malicious, ignorant, and fly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And in her arrogance elate, 20
Rush'd forward—with—" My friends, you see
" The mistress of the choir in me ;
" Here be your due devotion paid ;
" I am the songstrefs of the shade."

A linnet, that sat list'ning nigh, 25
Made the impostor this reply :
" I fancy, friend ! that vulgar throats
" Were never form'd for warbling notes ;
" But if these lessons came from you,
" Repeat them in the public view : 30
" That your assertions may be clear,
" Let us behold as well as hear."

The length'ning song, the soft'ning strain,
Our chatt'ring Pie attempts in vain;
For, to the fool's eternal shame,

35

All she could compass was a scream.
The birds, enrag'd around her fly,,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh :

The caitiff wretch distress'd forlorn.

40

On ev'ry side is peck'd and torn,
Till, for her vile atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks she dies.

Such be his fate, whose scoundrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E....., the tale apply :
You are yourself—the chatt'ring Pie.
Repent; and, with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the Truth.

45

48

THE PICTURE :

A TALE.

A Portrait, at my Lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand,
For dabblers in the nice *vertu*

5

His Lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding their Connoisseurships tell
Whether the work was finish'd well.

"Why," says the loudest, "on my word,

" 'Tis not a likeness, good my Lord ;

" Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,

" Can I pronounce one feature just."

10

Another effort straight was made,

Another portraiture essay'd ;

The judges were again besought

Each to deliver what he thought.

"Worse than the first"—the critics bawl ;

15

"Oh what a mouth ! how monstrous small !

" Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin !

" See what a most prepos't'rous chin !"

TALES.

After remonstrance made in vain, 33
 "I'll," says the Painter, "once again 20
 " (If my good Lord vouchsafes to sit)
 " Try for a more successful hit ;
 " If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
 " We'll have a piece to please you all."
 To-morrow comes—a Picture's plac'd 25
 Before those spurious sons of Taste—
 In their opinions all agree
 This is the vilest of the three.
 " Know—to confute your envious pride,"
 His Lordship from the canvas cry'd, 30
 " Know—that it is my real face
 " Where you could no resemblance trace :
 " I have try'd you by a lucky trick,
 " And prov'd your genius to the quick.
 " Void of all judgment—justice—sense,
 " Out—ye pretending varlets!—hence."
 The Connoisseurs depart in haste,
 Despis'd—detected—and disgrac'd. 38

THE WITCH:

A TALE.

A Witch that from her ebon chair
 Could hurl destruction thro' the air,
 Or, at her all-commanding will,
 Make the tumultuous ocean still,
 Once by an incantation fell, 5
 (As the recording Druids tell)
 Pluck'd the round moon, whose radiant light
 Silver'd the sober moon of night,
 From the domain she held above,
 Down to a dark infernal grove. 10
 " Give me," the goddess cry'd, " a cause
 " Why you disturb my secret laws.
 " Look at my train—yon wond'ring host,
 " See how the trembling stars are lost !

"Thro' the celestial regions wide
 "Why do they range without a guide?
 "Chaos from our confusion may
 "Hope for his old detested sway."
 "I'm," says the Witch, "severely cross'd;
 "Know that my fav'rite squirrel's lost!
 "Search, for I'll have creation torn,
 "If he's not found before the morn."

15

20

25

30

34

Soon as the impious charge was giv'n,
 From the tremendous stores of heav'n,
 Jove, with a bolt revengeful red,
 Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves, to pity blind,
 With pow'r enough to plague mankind,
 That, for their own nefarious ends,
 Tread upon Freedom and her Friends,
 Let 'em beware the Witch's fate;
 When their presumption's at the height,
 Jove with his angry pow'rs assume,
 And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.



ODES.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

I.

CEASE, gentle Sounds! nor kill me quite
With such excess of sweet delight;
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills thro' ev'ry vital part;
A soft—a pleasing pain
Pursues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein.
What—what does the enchantment mean?
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

II.

Now, wild with fierce desire,
My breast is all on fire!
In soften'd raptures, now I die!
Can empty sound such joys impart?
Can Music thus transport the heart
With melting ecstacy?
O, Art divine! exalted blessing!
Each celestial charm expressing!
Kindest gift the gods bestow!
Sweetest good that mortals know!

III.

When seated in a verdant shade
(Like tuneful Thyrſis) Orpheus play'd,
The distant trees forsake the wood,
The list'ning beasts neglect their food,
To hear the heav'nly sound;
The Dryads leave the mountains,
The Naiads quit the fountains,
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

IV.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ:
See what soft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the sound pursue,
Till in a large collected mass they grew.

Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,
 His were the chaplet of immortal bays :
 Apollo's harp unknown,
 The shepherd had remain'd of song
 The deity alone.

37

A BIRTH-DAY ODE,

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

HARK—how the soul of Music reigns,
 As when the first great birth of nature sprung !
 When Chaos burst his massy chains,
 'Twas thus the cherubs sung :

AIR.

Hail—hail ! from this auspicious morn
 Shall British glories rise ;
 Now are the mighty treasures born
 That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
 And lift her to the skies.

5

RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
 His lofty clarions roar,
 Till warlike Echo fills with dread
 The hostile Gallic shore.

10

AIR.

Mark—how his name with terror fills !
 The magic sound Rebellion kills,
 And brightens all the northern hills,
 Where pallid Treasons dwell ;
 The monster shall no more arise,
 Upon the ground she panting lies ;
 Beneath his William's foot she dies,
 And now she sinks to hell.

15

20

RECITATIVE.

Haste—let Ierne's harp be newly strung,
 And after mighty George be William sung.

AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
 William stands the first in story ;

25

ODES.

37

He with British ardour glows :
 See—the pride of Gallia fading !
 See—the youthful warrior leading
 Britons vengeful to their foes ?

RECITATIVE.

Fair is the olive-branch Hibernia boasts,
 Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts :
 While Stanhope smiles her sons are blest,
 In native loyalty confest.

30

AIR.

See—O see, thrice happy isle !
 See what gracious George bestow'd ;
 Twice * have you seen a Stanhope smile :
 These are gifts become a god !

35

How the grateful island glows !
 Stanhope's name shall be rever'd,
 Whilst by subjects and by foes
 Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

40

CHORUS.

Like Persians, to the rising sun
 Respectful homage pay ;
 At George's birth our joys begun ;
 Salute the glorious day !

45

AN ODE,

For the Birth-day of the King of Prussia.

Arma vircumque cano. Virg.

RECITATIVE.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
 That thro' the starry regions strays,
 From Zembla to the torrid Zone
 The mighty name of Prussia's known.

AIR.

I.

Be banish'd from the books of Fame,
 Ye deeds in distant ages done !
 Lost and inglorious is the name
 Of Hannibal or Philip's son.

5

* Earl of Chesterfield and Earl of Harrington, both successively Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland.

Could Greece or conqu'ring Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's king ?

10

II.

Where restless Envy can't explore,
Or flatter'd Hope presume to fly,
Fate bad victorious Fred'rick soar
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

III.

His rapids belts tremendous break
Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blasts that shake
The bosom of the frightened sea.
Could Greece, &c.

15

IV.

In vain to shake the throne of Jove
With impious rage the Giants try'd;
'Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

20

V.

While Prudence guides his chariot-wheels,
Thro' Virtue's sacred paths they roll;
Immortal Truth his bosom steels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

25

VI.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields
In concert with her brave ally,
Saves her fair Roses in the fields
Where Gaul's detested Lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

30

VII.

The jocund bowl let Briton's raise,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;
Fill—to great Fred'rick's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece or conqu'ring Carthage sing
A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's king ?

35

38

AN ODE,

Composed for the Birth-day of the late General Blakeney.

I.

THE Muses' harps, by Concord strung,
 Loud let them strike the festal lay,
 Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
 To hail her hero's natal day.
 Arise, paternal Glory! rise,
 And lift you Blakeney to the skies.

5

II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!
 Like Britain's oak, the hero stands
 The shield, the shelter of the brave,
 The guardian o'er the British bands.
 Arise, paternal, &c.

10

III.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's† brows,
 Which Fraud or Faction planted there:
 France to the gallant hero bows,
 And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
 Arise paternal, &c.

15

IV.

With partial conquest on their side,
 The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew!
 Rank but inglorious, in their pride,
 To Blakeney and his vanquish'd few.
 Arise, paternal, &c.

20

V.

Hibernia‡, with maternal care,
 His labour'd statue lifts on high:
 Be partial, Time—the trophy spare,
 That Blakeney's name may never die.
 Arise, paternal Glory! rise,
 And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

27

† Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port-Mahon.

‡ A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney,
 who was a native of Ireland.



SONGS.

MAY - EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

I.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kifs reflected light.

4

To beds of state go, balmy Sleep!
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

8

II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.

12

Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

16

III.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.

20

And see the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond Bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

24

IV.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:

28

SONGS.

For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
 She claims a virgin queen;
 And, hark! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

41

32

KITTY FELL.

I.

THE courtly bard, in verse sublime,
 May praise the toasted belle;
 A country maid (in careless rhyme)
 I sing—my Kitty Fell!

4

II.

When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
 And Love's sweet numbers swell,
 My pipe shall join their morning strain
 In praise of Kitty Fell.

8

III.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
 And noontide beams repel,
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
 And sing of Kitty Fell.

12

IV.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
 That lodge sweet Philomel,
 I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
 And pant for Kitty Fell.

16

V.

The pale-fac'd pedant burns his books,
 The sage forsakes his cell,
 The soldier smooths his martial looks,
 And sighs for Kitty Fell.

20

VI.

Were mine, ye Great! your envy'd lot,
 In gilded courts to dwell,
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot
 With Love and Kitty Fell.

24

PHILLIS :

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

I.

I Said, on the banks by the stream
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long ;
Oh grant me, ye muses ! a theme
Where glory may brighten my song.

4

But Pan† bade me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too lofty rehearse.
Ambition befits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

8

II.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phillis's bloom ;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume.

12

The dew-drop, so limpid and gay,
That loose on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

16

III.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freshness with her's to compare,
And foolishly thought (till I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

20

How, Corydon, could you mistake ?
Your fault be with sorrow confess'd ;
You said the white swans of the lake
For softness might rival her breast.

24

IV.

While thus I went on in her praise,
My Phillis pass'd sportive along :
Ye Poets ! I covet no bays ;
She smil'd—a reward for my song !

28

† The Author intended the character of Pan for the late Mr. Shenstone, who favoured him with a letter or two, advising him to proceed in the Pastoral manner.

SONGS.

43

I find the god Pan's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair-one's applause !
 And Cupid must crown with delight
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

32

FANNY OF THE DALE.

I.

LET the declining damask rose
 With envious grief look pale ;
 The summer bloom more freely glows
 In Fanny of the Dale ?

4

II.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
 Or scents the morning gale,
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield
 As Fanny of the Dale ?

8

III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
 Look lifeless, cold, and stale :
 How faint their beauties when compar'd
 With Fanny of the Dale.

12

IV.

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
 Her fond advances fail ;
 For Damon pays his warmest vows
 To Fanny of the Dale.

16

V.

Might honest truth at last succeed,
 And artless Love prevail,
 Thrice happy could he tune his reed
 With Fanny of the Dale.

20

DAPHNE:

A SONG.

I.

NO longer, Daphne ! I admire
 The graces in thine eyes ;
 Continu'd coyness kills desire,
 And famish'd passion dies.

4

Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of disdain,
You scorn'd my am'rous tale.

8

II.

When Celia cry'd, "How senseless she
" That has such vows refus'd!
" Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
" It had been kinder us'd.

12

" The man's a fool that pines and dies
" Because a woman's coy:
" The gentle bliss that one denies
" A thousand will enjoy."

16

III.

Such charming words, so void of art,
Surprising rapture gave;
And though the maid subdu'd my heart,
It ceas'd to be a slave.

20

A wretch condemn'd shall Daphne prove,
While, blest'd without restraint,
In the sweet calender of love,
My Celia stands—a faint,

24

AMPHITRYON.

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRYON and his Bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast:
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung, 5
Enraptur'd, thus the happy hero sung:

AIR.

Was mighty Jove, descending
In all his wrath divine,
Errag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine:

10

SONGS.

45

His shafts of bolted thunder
 With boldness I'd deride :
 Not Heav'n itself can sunder
 The hearts that love has ty'd,

14

RECITATIVE.

The Thund'rer heard ; he look'd with vengeance
 down,

Till Beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.
 The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes
 Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies :
 He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
 And punished his presumption in her arms.

20

AIR.

He deserves sublimest pleasure
 Who reveals it not when won :
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
 Boast it ; and the fool's undone !

24

Learn by this, unguarded lover !
 When your secret sighs prevail,
 Not to let your tongue discover
 Raptures that you should conceal.

28

THYRSIS.

I.

THE pendent forest seem'd to nod,
 In-drowsy fetters bound,
 And Fairy elves in circles trod
 The daisy-painted ground ;

4

When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,
 Of slighted vows to tell,
 And thus (to sooth neglected love)
 Invok'd sad Philomel :

8

II.

" The stars their silver radiance shed,
 " And silence charms the plain ;
 " But where's my Philomela fled
 " To sing her love-lorn strain ?

12

" Hither, ah! gentle Bird! in haste
 " Direct thy hov'ring wing;
 " The vernal green's a dreary waste
 " Till you vouchsafe to sing.

16

III.

" So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
 " (Thy warbling song distress'd!)
 " The tear that tells the lover's woe
 " Falls cold upon my breast.

20

" To hear sad Philomel complain
 " Will soften my despair;
 " Then quickly swell the melting strain,
 " And sooth a lover's care."---

24

IV.

" Give up all hopes, unhappy Swain!"
 A list'ning sage reply'd,
 " For what can Constancy obtain
 " From unrelenting Pride?"

28

The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant Death
 Had seiz'd his trembling frame:
 He bow'd, and with departing breath
 Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

32

A MAN TO MY MIND.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins
 despis'd,
 To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd.
 I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find
 (I wish not for fortune) A Man to my Mind? 4

II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace;
 Not the squire that can wake to no joys but the chase;
 Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can
 bind:
 Neither this---that---nor t'other's The Man to my
 Mind. 8

III.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topes world without
end;

Not the drone who cann't relish his bottle and friend;
Not the fool that's too fond; nor the churl that's
unkind:

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the Man to my
[Mind.

IV.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or
merit;

Not the flash, that's all fury without any spirit; 14

Not the fine master fribble the scorn of mankind:

Neither this—that—nor t'other's The Man to my
[Mind.

V.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may con-
spire, [admire;

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should

In whose heart love and truth are with honour com-
bin'd: 19

This—this—and no other's The Man to my Mind.

THE MILLER:

A BALLAD.

I.

IN a plain little cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows, a freehold estate,
A well-meaning Miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies:
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are Health and Content;
Their Lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
He's honest, tho' daub'd by the dust of his Mill. 8

II.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair. 12
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill;
Contented he works if there's grist for his Mill. 16

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray.
 He sits to a dinner of plain English food ;
 Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good. 20
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
 Then reels to his pillow and dreams of no ill :
 No monarch more bless'd than The Man of the
 Mill. 24

THE SYCAMORE SHADE :

A BALLAD.

I.

T'OTHER day, as I sat in the Sycamore Shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along ;
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid !
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue. 4
 “ Silly heart ! ” I cry'd, “ Fy ! what a flutter is
 here !
 “ Young Damon designs you no ill :
 “ The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear ;
 “ Then pr'ythee, fond Urchin ! lie still.” 8

II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet ;
 One kiss he demanded—no more !
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score. 12
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill ;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond Urchin lie still. 16

III.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore Shade
 For shelter I'm sure to repair ;
 And, virgins ! in faith I'm no longer afraid
 Although the dear shepherd be there. 20
 At fond kisses that with freedom he takes,
 My may rebound if it will :
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still. 24

THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

SET IN THE SCOTS STYLE, BY MR. SHIELD;
And sung at Vauxhall.

IN spring, my dear Shepherds! your flow'rets are
 gay,

They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May,
 But hang down their heads when December draws
 The winter of life is like that of the year. [near:

The larks, and the linnets, that chaunt o'er the
 plains,

All, all are in love while the summer remains;
 Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear:
 The winter of life is like that of the year. 18

The Season for Love is when youth's in its prime:
 Ye lads and ye lasses! make use of your time;
 The frost of old age will too quickly appear:
 The winter of life is like that of the year. 12

THE BIRTH-DAY OF PHILLIS:

A BALLAD.

I.

'TIS the Birth-day of Phillis; hark! how the
 birds sing!

Their notes are remarkably sweet;
 The villagers brought all the honours of spring,
 And scatter'd their pride at her feet. 4

II.

With roses and ribbands her lambkins are crown'd;
 Awhile they respectfully stand;
 Then on the gay land, with a frolic, they bound,
 But first take a kifs from her hand. 8

III.

'Mongst shepherds, in all the gay round of the year,
 This—this is their principal day!
 It gave Phillis birth; and pray what can appear
 More pleasing or lovingly gay? 12

E

IV.

Hark ! hark ! how the tabor enlivens the scene !
 Ye Lads with your Lasses advance !
 'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green,
 And Phillis shall lead up the dance. 16

V.

The Sun—and he shines in his brightest array,
 As if on this festival proud,
 In order to give us a beautiful day,
 Has banish'd each travelling cloud. 20

VI.

The priest pass'd along, and my shepherdess sigh'd !
 Sweet Phillis !—I guess'd what she meant :
 We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride ;
 Her sigh was the sigh of content. 24

THE HAWTHORN BOWER.

I.

PALEMON in the Hawthorn bow'r
 With fond impatience lay ;
 He counted ev'ry anxious hour
 That stretch'd the tedious day. 4

The rosy dawn Pastora nam'd,
 And vow'd that she'd be kind ;
 But, ah ! the setting sun proclaim'd
 That women's vows are wind. 8

II.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd,
 And swore, in terms profane,
 That Beauty, in her brightest pride,
 Might sue to him in vain. 12

When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
 Appear'd in all her charms,
 Each angry vow Palemon made
 Was lost in Delia's arms. 16

III.

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
 Before Pastora came :

"Inconstancy," she cry'd, "I find

"In ev'ry heart's the same ;

20

"For young Alexis sigh'd and prest

"With such bewitching pow'r,

"I quite forgot the wishing guest

"That waited in the bow'r."

24

THE WARNING.

I.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude ;
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was rude ;
Tho' he begg'd with devotion some ease for his pain,
The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain.
Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more. 6

II.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the net,
But Chloe soon caught him—a finish'd coquette !
She glanc'd to his glance, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas! for poor Colin, when put to the test,
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest. 12

III.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare ;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair ;
When she found he had merit, and Love took his
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart. [part,
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be. 18

IV.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The prude and coquette are two slighted old maids ;
Now their sweets are all wasted—too late they repent,
For transports untasted, for moments mispent !
Ye Virgins! take Warning ; improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can. 24

FANCY.

A SONG IN A PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses
 Captives to her fond control :
 Merit may have rich pretences,
 But 'tis Fancy fires the soul.

4

II.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
 Fancy flies, a Fairy queen !
 Fancy, wit and worth disdaining,
 Gives the prize to Harlequin.

3

III.

If the virgin's false, forgive her ;
 Fancy was your only foe.---
 Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
 But 'tis Fancy twangs the bow.

12

NEWCASTLE BEER.

I.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great-Britain's
 And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat, [success,
 Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express
 To summon the deities all to a treat :
 Blithe Comus was plac'd
 To guide the gay feast,
 And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer,
 Yet vow'd, to his thinking,
 For exquisite drinking,
 Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

5

10

II.

The great god of War, to encourage the fun,
 And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
 Sent a message that moment to Moor's* for a tun
 Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best.
 No gods—they all swore,
 Regal'd so before,

15

* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.



Designed by R. C. B. B. B.

Printed at C. Cooke, Westminster Row, April 3, 1795.

Engraved by C. B. B. B.



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With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear;
 And each deify'd fellow
 Got jovially mellow
 In honour, brave Boys! of our Newcastle Beer. 20

III.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
 Repents he drank Helicon water so long;
 He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
 And gave the gay board an extempore song;
 But ere he began 25
 He tofs'd of his carm;
 There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear;
 Then sang, with great merit,
 The flavour and spirit
 His Godship had found in our Newcastle Beer. 30

IV.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold;
 It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs;
 And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
 Was nothing, my Lads! but such liquor as our's.
 The horrible crew 35
 That Hercules slew
 Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear:
 Such a club wou'd you borrow,
 To drive away sorrow,
 Apply for a jorum of Newcastle Beer. 40

V.

Ye youngsters! so diffident, languid, and pale,
 Whom love, like the colic, so rudely infests,
 Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,
 And drive the cur, Cupid, away from your breasts.
 Dull whining despise, 45
 Grow rosy and wise,
 No longer the jest of good fellows appear;
 Bid adieu to your folly,
 Get drunk, and be jolly,
 And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer. 50

VI.

Ye fanciful Folk! for whom Physic prescribes,
 Whom bŏlus and potion have haraŏs'd to death;

Ye wretches! whom Law, and her ill-looking tribes,
 Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath;
 Here's shelter and ease, 55
 No craving for fees,
 No danger---no doctor---no bailiff---is near;
 Your spirits this raises,
 It cures your diseases; 59
 There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.

HOLYDAY GOWN.

I.

IN Holyday Gown and my new-fangled hat,
 Last Monday I tripp'd to the fair:
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
 Brisk Roger I guess'd wou'd be there.

He wooes me to marry whenever we meet;
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
 He hugs me so close, and kisses so sweet,
 I'd wed---if I were not too young. 8

II.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
 (The vixen would fain be his bride:)
 Some token she claimed, either ribband or toy,
 And swore that she'd not be deny'd. 12

A top-knot he bought me, and garters of green;
 Pert Susan was cruelly stung:
 I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
 I'd wed---if I were not too young. 16

III.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear,
 He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore;
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
 That---trust me---my pockets run o'er. 20

Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
 And sweetly their burthen he sung:
 Good faith! he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
 I'd wed---if I were not too young. 24

IV.

The fun was just setting, 'twas time to retire ;
 (Our cottage was a distant mile ;)
 I rose to be gone---Roger bow'd like a 'squire,
 And handed me over the stile. 28

His arms he threw round me---Love laugh'd in his
 eye ;

He led me the meadows among,
 There press'd me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
 To wed---for I was not too young. 32

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

I.

NOT a hundred years since, when Elections went
 round,
 Old Honour and Truth were in Burgundy drown'd ;
 The sons of Great Britain, both thirsty and wise,
 Wide open'd their stomachs, but clos'd up their
 eyes.

Derry down, &c. 5

II.

They were blind to true merit, let Party prevail,
 And Judgment no longer right balanc'd her scale ;
 In wine was fair Freedom remember'd no more,
 And Cash kick'd old Liberty out of the door.

Derry down, &c. 10

III.

When the Candidate offer'd, they snatch'd at the
 Nor spar'd the brownbumper nor venal sirloin : [coin,
 Ate and drank when they could : 'twas concluded,
 my Friends !

They might fast when the Candidate compass'd his
 Derry down, &c. [ends.

IV.

Let the case now be alter'd ; let talents be try'd, 16
 Let national virtue alone be your guide ;
 Let us scorn to be bias'd by party or pelf,
 And vote for our country, forgetful of self.

Derry down, &c. 20

V.

Let their free open spirits be right understood,
 Their contest is meant for their countrymen's good :
 When danger alarms us, or glory commands,
 Our lives and our honours are safe in such hands.

Derry down, &c. 25

VI.

That they both have their merits it must be
 allow'd ;

But, sons of cool Reason ! step forth from the crowd :
 If weighty experience can balance the day,

Give your voices, my Boys ! 'tis for S---e. Huzza !

Derry down, &c. 30

ANOTHER.

I.

WHERE the rich Wear *, with wand'ring grace,
 In gay profusion runs,
 The guardian Genius of the place
 Harangu'd his freeborn sons :
 The burthen of his sacred strain
 Was " Shaftoe live ! live, gen'rous Vane ! 6

II.

" Where Durham lifts her sacred piles,
 " Rever'd in Gothic pride,
 " And Wisdom, with meridian smiles,
 " Expands on every side,
 " Distinguish'd in bright Honour's train,
 " Stand Shaftoe and illustrious Vane. 12

III.

" The noble heart that truth refines,
 " (With conscious worth replete)
 " More useful than Peruvian mines,
 " Adds virtue to the state ;
 " Such patriot virtues as remain
 " With Shaftoe and illustrious Vane 18

IV.

" Confirm, my Sons ! confirm my choice,
 " And call my fav'rites forth,
 " Since Fame approves the general voice,
 " And merit stamps their worth.

* The river Wear, that runs through the City of Durham.

"None can your sacred rights maintain
 "Like Shaftoe and illustrious Vane."

24

V.

The Genius ceas'd---from ev'ry part
 Applause like lightning ran;
 Conviction fir'd each glowing heart,
 And catch'd from man to man.
 Loud echoes fill'd the gladd'ning plain,
 With---Shaftoe, live!--Live, gen'rous Vane!

30

A SONG.

I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly prest,
 While rapture fill'd each vein,
 And as I touch'd her downy breast
 Its tenant slept serene.

4

II.

So soft a calm in such a part
 Betrays a peaceful mind,
 Whilst my uneasy flutt'ring heart
 Would scarcely be confin'd.

3

III.

A stubborn oak the shepherd fees
 Unmov'd when storms descend;
 But ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze
 The myrtle bough must bend.

12

A SONG,

SENT TO CHLOE, WITH A ROSE.

Tune---The Lads of Patie's Mill.

I.

YES, ev'ry flow'r that blows
 I pass'd unheeded by,
 Till this enchanting Rose
 Had fix'd my wandering eye.

4

It scented ev'ry breeze
 That wanton'd o'er the stream,
 Or trembled thro' the trees
 To meet the morning beam.

3

SONGS.

59

II.

To deck that beauteous maid
 Its fragrance cann't excel ;
 From some celestial shade
 The damask charmer fell :

12

And as her balmy sweets
 On Chloe's breast she pours,
 The queen of Beauty greets
 The gentle queen of Flow'rs.

16

A SONG.

HE that Love hath never try'd,
 Nor had Cupid for his guide,
 Cannot hit the passage right
 To the palace of Delight.

4

II.

What are honours, regal wealth,
 Florid Youth, and rosy health ?
 Without Love his tribute brings,
 Impotent unmeaning things !

8

III.

Gentle Shepherd ! persevere ;
 Still be tender, still sincere ;
 Love and time, united, do
 Wonders, if the heart be true.

12

A THREE-PART CATCH.

'TIS in view---(the rich blessings kind Nature
 bestow'd
 To conquer our sorrows or lighten the load).---
 A full flask ! the rich nectar this bottle contains ;
 In a flood of fresh rapture, shall roll thro' our veins.
 Let it bleed---and causing this liquor divine,
 Sing a hymn to the god that first cultur'd the vine. 6

THE TOAST.

A CATCH.

GIVE the Toast—my good fellow! be jovial and
 gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away.
 Here's the King—Take your bumpers, my brave
 British souls!
 Who guards your fair Freedom should crown your
 full bowls. [down
 Let him live—long and happy, see Lewis brought
 And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown. 6

A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO MISS S.....

I.

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bow'rs
 In elegant array,
 And scatters all her op'ning flow'rs
 A compliment to May,

4

II.

With glowing joy my bosom beats,
 I gaze delighted round,
 And wish to see the various sweets
 In one rich nosegay bound.

8

III.

'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd
 To bless my wandering view.
 I see them all—my beautiful Maid!
 I see them all, in—you.

12



EPISTLES.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

LET bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture lose,
And, timid at untasted joy,
Through fearfulness refuse.

4

Will you—the pleasing conflict try’d,
Tho’ sure to conquer—fly?
If you—the sacred zone unty’d,
’Tis peevish to deny.

8

But if, my Fair! the Widow’s name
Hold gracious with you still,
The god of love has form’d a scheme
Obsequious to your will.

12

Take, take me to thy twining arms,
(Oppress’d with warm desire)
Where, conquer’d by such mighty charms,
A monarch might expire.

16

Thou’lt be a Widow ev’ry night,
(Thy wondrous power confess’d!)
And, as I die in dear delight,
My tomb shall be thy breast.

20

TO DELIA.

SAY, my Charmer! right or wrong,
Say it from your heart or tongue;
Be sincere, or else deceive;
Say you love—and I’ll believe.

24

TO CHLOE,
ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Chloe think it strange
Time should make a lover change ?
Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See, the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke :
If on Beauty's cheek he preys,
Straight the rosy bloom decays ;
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at Time's approach—expires.
How can Chloë think it strange
Time should make a lover change ?

TO CHLOE,
IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

I.
CONSIDER, sweet Maid ! and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breast :
It is not a haughty behaviour
Will set off thy charms to the best.

II.
The ocean when calm may delight you,
But should a bold tempest arise,
The billows enrag'd would affright you,
Loud objects of awful surprise.

III.
'Tis thus when good humour diffuses
Its beams o'er the face of a fair,
With rapture his heart a man loses,
While frowns turn his love to despair.

TO MR. —.

I.
YES, Colin, 'tis granted ; you flutter in lace,
You whisper and dance with the fair ;
But Merit advances, 'tis your's to give place ;
Stand off, and at distance revere :

EPISTLES.

63

Nor tease the sweet maid with your jargon of chat,
 By her side as you faunter along, [that,
 Your taste—your complexion—your this—and your
 Nor lip out the end of your song. 8

II.

For folly and fashion, you barter good sense,
 (If sense ever tell to your share).
 'Tis enough you could pert *petit-maitre* commence,
 Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air. 12

No end you can answer ; affections you've none ;
 Made only for prattle and play :
 Like a butterfly, bask'd for a while in the sun,
 You'll die undistinguish'd away. 16

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

ADVANCE to fame—advance reveal'd ;
 Let conscious worth be bold :
 Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
 And hid Peruvian gold ? 4

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
 Your genius brought to light :
 And many a Somebody shall learn
 From Nobody to write. 8

APOLLO

TO THE COMPANY AT HARROWGATE.

FROM my critical court at a quarterly meeting,
 To my Harrowgate subjects, this embassy greeting :
 Whereas, from the veteran poets complaint is,
 Their works are no longer consider'd as dainties, 4
 And Shakspeare, and Congreve, Farquhar, and
 others,
 The tragical—comical—farcical—brothers,
 Petition us oft for some gents and some ladies,
 (Our subjects no doubt, since dramatic their trade
 is.)

We govern their stational stage by direction,
 And send 'em to you for your friendly protection;
 'Tis Apollo invites, with some ladies (the Muses;)
 We denounce him immensely ill-bred that refuses.

Be it known, by the bye, from our Helicon fountain,

Enrich'd by the soil of Parnassus's mountain,
 Your Harrowgate water directly proceeding, [ing.
 Produces fine sense with true taste and good breed-
 Talk of Taste—none but heathens will call it in
 question :

Yet some insolent wits might advance a suggestion,
 While our deputies daily invite all the neighbours,
 But find no Mæcenas to smile on their labours. 20
 Thus far we've proceeded, your favour to curry,
 And could tell ye much more—but we write in a
 hurry. 22

APOLLO TO MR. C—— F——,

ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY AN IGNORANT PERSON.

WHETHER he's worth your spleen or not,
 You've ask'd me to determine :
 I wish, my friend, a nobler lot
 Than that of trampling vermine. 4
 A blockhead can't be worth our care,
 Unless that we'd befriend him :
 As you've some common sense to spare,
 I'll pay you what you lend him. 8

APOLLO.



PROLOGUES.

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken at the Opening of the Theatre at York, after
it was elegantly enlarged.*

ONCE on a time, his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your Heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on,
And as the rain fell pattering helter-skelter, 5
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Philemon plac'd his Godship close beside him,
While Goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him:
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure, 11
Sung a rough song in his rude country measure.

Jove was so pleas'd with these goodnatur'd fallies,
Philemon's cot, he conjur'd to a palace.

Tasse, like great Jupiter came here to try us;
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us;) 16
Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
I know not; but 'tis certain she commanded
Our humble Theatre should be expanded. 20

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended;
And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye,
'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs
to meet ye.

Pedants would fix her residence with Heathens,
But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens. 26

A PROLOGUE.

*Spoken at the Opening of an elegant little Theatre at
Whitby.*

FROM Shakspeare—Jonson—Congreve—Rowe,
and others—

The laurell'd list, the true Parnassian brothers,

Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's compli-
ance ;

5

Beauty and Wit were always in alliance ;
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And Taste's determin'd by their approbation.

The Tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,
Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terror ; 10
And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—
Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.

The Comic glass, from modern groupes collected,
Shews fops and fools of every class—dissected ;
It marks the fair coquette's unfaithful dealings, 15
And proves that haughty prudes may have their
failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature
We'll blend with honest mirth some wholesome sa-
tire.

Now for our bark—The vessel's tight and able,
New built—new rigg'd [*pointing to the scenes*] with
canvass—mast—and cable.

Let her not sink—or be unkindly stranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed :
For tho' with heart and hand we heave together,
'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather.
Nor halcyon seas, nor gentle gales, attend us,
Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.

A PROLOGUE

On opening the Theatre at Whitby the ensuing Season.

O'ER the wild waves unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home,
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries,
'Twixt the blue bosoms--'twixt the seas and skies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing ecstasies, by Fancy dress'd,
What filial sentiments expand his breast !
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues, are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn,
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return;
With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay once more our labours at your feet.

Not without hopes your patronage will last, 15
We bend with gratitude for favours past,
That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
Rode ev'ry gale—nor started e'en a splinter,
We bow to Beauty—'twas those smiles secur'd her:
Still—still—extend your gentle cares to save her,
That she may winter long in Whitby's favour. 22

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken in the Character of a Sailor, on opening
the New Theatre at North-Shields.*

HOLLOW! my Masters! where d'ye mean to
stow us? [Without.

We're come to see what pastime ye can shew us.
Sall, step aloft—you sha'nt be long without me;
I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.

[Enters.

Tom and Dick Topfail are above—I hear 'em; 5
Tell 'em to keep a birth; and, Sall—sit near 'em.
Sall's a smart las—I'd hold a butt of stingo
In three weeks time she'd learn the playhouse lingo.
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning:
She calls 'em—Moral rules, made entertaining. 10
Your Shakspeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
And I myself (at sea) have read—a little.

At London, Sirs! when Sall and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting.
Mafs! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fiddlers and their damn'd sonatas.
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
That play—"God save the King," and "Nancy
"Dawson."

Well—tho' the frigate's not so much bedizen'd,
[Looking about.
'Tis snug enough!—'tis clever for the size on't. 20

And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.
Bell rings.] Avaft!—a fignal for the launch, I fancy;
What fay you, Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy?
Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge fo

tightly,

25

Sha'n't you, and I, and Sall, come fee them nightly?
The jolly crew will do their beft endeavours;
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours:
A luckier fate they fwear can ne'er behap 'em,
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you clap 'em.

A PROLOGUE,

TO LOVE AND FAME.

Spoken at Scarborough.

WHERE is this author? [*Entering.*]—Bid the
wretch appear;

Let him come in, and wait for judgment here;

This awful jury all impatient wait:

Let him come in, I fay, and meet his fate.

Strange, very ftrange, if fuch a piece fucceeds!

(Punifh the culprit for his vile mifdeeds.)

Know ye, to-night, that his prefumptuous works

Have turn'd good Chriftians into—Heathen Turks?

And if the genius a'n't corrected foon,

In his next trip he'll mount us to the moon. 10

Methinks I hear him fay—"For mercy's fake,

"Hold your rafh tongue—my Love and Fame's at

"When you behold me diffident, diftrefs'd, [ftake.

"'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jeft.

"Well—if you will—but why fhould I diftruf? 15

"My judges are as merciful as juft;

"I know them well, have oft their friendfhip try'd,

"And their protection is my boaft, my pride."

Hoping to please, he form'd this buftling plan;

Hoping to please, is all the moderns can. 20

'Faith let him 'fcape, let Love and Fame furvive;

With your kind fanktion keep his fcenes alive:

Try to approve (applaud he will exempt)

Nor cruft the bardling in this hard attempt.

Could he write up to an illuftrious theme, 25

There's mark'd upon the register of Fame

A subject but beyond the warmest lays ;
Wonder must paint when 'tis a G—nby's praise. 28

A PROLOGUE,

On opening the New Theatre at Newcastle, 1766.

IF to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth to kill an ev'ning's care : 5
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these the motley stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays ?
Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glitt'ring thousand more ?
Cheer not the mariner propitious seas ?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees ?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss ?
To ev'ry question we'll reply with—Yes.

Suppose them gratify'd—their full delight 15
Falls short of our's on this auspicious night,
When, rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to our fav'rite seat.

O that the soul of action were but our's,
And the vast energy of vocal pow'rs !
That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges we confess, with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread ;
Yet if you smile we'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favours to supply the rest. 26

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN,

*A little Piece adapted to the Stage from the celebrated Poem of Ossian,
the Son of Fingal. Spoken at Edinburgh.*

TO form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the sleepy stage a nobler spirit,
To touch a sacred Muse and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our Compiler.

Tho' Caution told him—the presumption's glaring,
 Dauntless, he cry'd, "It is but nobly daring!
 "Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
 "Nor wish the golden measure stamp'd dramatic?
 "Here are no lines—in measur'd pace that trip it,
 "No modern scenes so lifeless! so insipid!" 10
 "Wrought by a Muse—(no sacred fire debarr'd
 her)
 "'Tis nervous, noble! it's true Northern ardour!"
 Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
 (The Grecian bards! no longer worth the naming)
 "In song the Northern tribes so far surpass us, 15
 "One of their Highland hills they'll call Parnassus,
 "And from their sacred mount decrees shall follow,
 "That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo."
 Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,
 He trembles for the verdict of his jury. 20
 As from his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,
 But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
 To an impartial judgment we submit him;
 Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him. 24

A PROLOGUE,

TO RULE A WIFE.

Spoken at Edinburgh.

'TIS an odd portrait that the poet drew;
 A strange irregular he sets in view!
 'Mongst us, thank Heaven, the character's unknown,
 (Bards have creative faculties, we own)
 And this appears a picture from his brain, 5
 Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.
 Should we the portrait with the sex compare,
 'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;
 Their merit's by the foil conspicuous made,
 And they seem brighter by contrasting shade. 10
 Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
 Nor should such antiquated maxims hold.
 Shall subject man assert superior sway,
 And dare to bid the angel-sex obey?

Or, if
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Or, if permitted to partake the throne,
 Despotic call the reins of power his own ?
 Forbid it all that's gracious—that's polite !
 (The fair to liberty have equal right !)
 Nor urge the tenet, tho' from Fletcher's school,
 That ev'ry husband has a right to rule. 20

A matrimonial medium may be hit
 Where neither governs, but where both submit.
 The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns
 Where male and female condescend by turns :
 Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
 And let the word Obey—be Condescend. 26

A PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by Mr. Diggs, on opening the Edinburgh
 Theatre in 1763.*

TO rectify some errors that of late
 Had crept into the bosom our state ;
 To court Propriety, a matron chaste !
 To make strong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taste ;
 To alter—to adapt—to plan—revive,
 To spare no pains to make the drama thrive ;
 These are the labours that to-night commence,
 By Beauty * sanction'd, and approv'd by Sense†.
 Suppose some Corydon, some country swain,
 Enamour'd of some Phillis of the plain, 10
 At early dawn should seek the dappled glade
 To form a nosegay for the fav'rite maid ;
 When he had cropp'd the beauties of the banks,
 And cull'd the fairest from the flow'ry ranks,
 He'd range in order ev'ry blooming sweet, 15
 And lay the little chaplet at her feet.

So the fair fields of fancy we'll explore,
 And search the gardens of dramatic lore,
 Of choicest fragrance and of various hue,
 To form those chaplets we compose for you. 20

Now to attack you in a martial strain !
 We hope to gather laurels this campaign ;

* The Boxes.

† The Pit.

And that our plan of action may succeed,
 Have march'd fresh forces from beyond the Tweed.
 Yet, as young soldiers may be damp'd by fear, 25
 (Tho' universal patronage be here)
 Let me bespeak, before the curtain rise,
 Some kind impressions for our new supplies. 28

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken at Edinburgh, on Mrs. Bellamy's first
 Appearance there.*

IN early days, when error sway'd mankind,
 The scene was censur'd, and the stage confin'd :
 As the fine arts a nobler taste supply'd,
 Old Prejudice grew fainter---droop'd---and dy'd.
 * Merit from sanction must deduce her date 5
 If she'd arrive at a meridian height :
 From sanction is the English stage become
 Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.
 If from that stage an actress, fill'd with fears,
 New to this northern scene, to-night appears, 10
 Intent, howe'er unequal to the flight,
 To hit, what critics call, the *happy right* :
 She builds not on your sister's* fond applause,
 But timidly to you submits her cause :
 For taste refin'd may as judicial sit 15
 Here—as she found her in an English pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear ;
 The sons of Genius are the least severe.
 Some favour from the fair she's sure to find ;
 So sweet a circle cannot but be kind.
 Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,
 And hopes you gracious—as we know you just, 22

A PROLOGUE,

*On reviving The Merchant of Venice, at the Time
 the Bill had passed for Naturalizing the Jews.*

'TWIXT the sons of the stage, without pensions
 or places,
 And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases ;

* London.

Since, time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much by
slander,

Both lawless alike, have been sentenc'd to wander ;
Then 'faith it's full time we appeal to the nation 5
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on.

Lard ! that word's so uncouth !.... 'tis so irksome to
speak it !

But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taste, as I
take it. [million.

We'll now to the point ; I'm sent here with com-
To present this fair circle our humble petition ; 10
But conscious what hopes we should have of suc-
ceeding,

Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding,
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we can
rake up, 13

Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,
We must frankly confess we have nought to present ye
But Shakspeare's old Sterling--Pray let it content ye.

This Shylock the Jew, whom we meant to re-
store ye,

Was nat'raliz'd oft' by our fathers before ye ; 18
Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion;
For, to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

A PROLOGUE,

*For some Country Lads performing The Devil of a
Wife in the Christmas Holidays.*

IN days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmless mirth and social plenty stor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale, 4
In struts St. George, old England's champion
With hasty steps, impatient to recite [knight,
How he had kill'd the dragon once in fight.

From ev'ry side--from Troy--from ancient Greece,
Princes pour in to swell the motley piece,
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse, 10
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this ev'ning's cordial mirth,
Like their's our simple stage-play comes to birth,

Our want of art we candidly confess,
 But give you nature in her homespun dress: 15
 No heroes here—no martial men of might;
 A cobbler is the champion of to-night:
 His strap more fam'd than George's lance of old,
 For it can tame that dragoness, a scold.
 Indulgent then support the cobbler's cause,
 And, tho' he may'n't deserve it, smile applause. 21

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER*.

FROM the fair mansions of illustrious shades,
 From groves of bliss poetic painted meads,
 Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathless laurels,
 Obedient to his own recruiting drum; [come
 Conscious to-night of the superior grace, 5
 The nobler beauties that adorn this place,
 Here would he fix—enraptur'd here abide,
 And change Elysium for the Severn's side.

Let boasting Rome of one Mæcenatell, 10
 Countless are those that by the Severn dwell;
 Parnassus' mount let future bards disclaim,
 Hark how the Wrekin's† hospitable name
 Swells in the voice of Farquhar and of Fame.

Sabrina‡! softest nymph that glides along,
 Winding and various as her Farquhar's song, 15
 Indulgent smil'd to bless the Poet's toil,
 And straight his bays bloom'd fresh, and own'd the
 gen'rous foil.

Here—Beauty beams, with social sweetness mix'd!
 Here—true Politeness has her standard fix'd!
 Here let the Muse her sacred numbers swell, 20
 And here let sportive wit and gay-dress'd Humour
 O, may our secondary labours find [dwell!
 The brave propitious, and the beauteous kind!
 So may Salopian plains that bloom so gay,
 Ne'er know a blast, but wear perpetual May! 25

* Mr. Farquhar dedicated his play of the Recruiting Officer to his friends.

† The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in the county of Salop, not far from Shrewsbury.

‡ The poetical name of the river Severn,

EPILOGUES.

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at Edinburgh by Mrs. Bellamy, to the Tragedy
of Antony and Cleopatra.*

THE flame our hero felt for his Egyptian
Is finely drawn ; it glows in the description :
But modern love can ne'er maintain its station,
So many different *goûts* divide the nation.

The man of sense disdains the soft'ning passion ; 5
The coxcomb is enamour'd of—the fashion ;
The *bon-vivant* prefers the feast conviv'al ;
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival ;
Besides the gentle race—the *petit-mâtres* !
The set insensible of happy *creturs* ;
So coy—so cold—that Beauty ne'er can warm 'em ;
So nice, that nothing but themselves can charm 'em.

But hold—I run too fast without reflection,
(Each gen'ral rule admits of some exception.)
Here* 'tis allow'd imperial Beauty governs,
And there† the conquer'd sex adore their sov'reigns.
Let me—to wave this *bagatelle*—declare
The grateful homage of a heart sincere :
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
And glory in my patrons of to-night. 20

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at Edinburgh, in the character of
Lady Fanciful.*

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,
Set up to sale their vast misshapen daughter,
And Britain by a large subscription bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic, 5
And nurs'd her till her pow'r became despotic ;
Till every would-be beauty of the nation
Did homage at the shrine of Affectation :

* Boxes.

† Pit.

But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,
 And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
 If she attempts the dimpled smile delightful, 11
 The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful.
 Mark but her *bagatelles*—her whine—her whimper—
 Her loll—her lisp—her faunter—stare—her simper:
 All *outrés*, all—no native charm about her, 15
 And Ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
 If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it;
 So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
 To Insipidity she gives grimaces. 20

Without her dear coquettish arts to aid 'em,
 Fine Ladies would be just as—Nature made 'em;
 Such sensible, sincere, domestic creatures,
 The jest of modern *belles* and *petit-maitres*.
 Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger, 25
 But as the foreign fantom's—here a stranger,
 I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
 And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
 For, trust me, Ladies! she'd deform your faces,
 And with a single glance destroy the Graces. 30

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at Norwich, in the Character of Mrs.
 Deborah Woodcock, in Love in a Village.*

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
 When, Sibyl-like, she's skill'd in penetration;
 When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
 And rides above the rocks that others dash on;
 When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour, 3
 When decent gravity adorns her figure;
 Why an old maid, I wish the wife would tell us,
 Should be the standing jest of flirts and fellows.
 In maxims sage, in eloquence how clever!
 Without a subject, she can talk—for ever! 10
 Rich in old saws can bring a sentence pat in,
 And quote upon occasion lawyers' Latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobus corum*;
 'Tis done—and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragoneſs on duty,
 To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty,
 'Tis right, for fear the giddy ſex ſhould wander,
 To keep them in restraint by decent ſlander.
 When ſlips are made, 'tis eaſy ſure to find 'em;
 We can detect before the fair deſign'd 'em. 20

As for the men, whoſe ſatire oft hath ſtung us,
 Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
 Law, with long ſuits and buſy miſchiefs laden,
 In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
 'Tis undeny'd, and the aſſertion's common, 25
 That modern Phyſic is a mere old woman.
 The puny ſop, that ſimpers o'er his tea-diſh,
 And cries--Indeed--Miſs Deb'rah's quite--old-maidiſh
 Of doubtful ſex, of undetermin'd nature,
 In all reſpects is but a virgin creature. 30

Jetting apart, and moral truths adjusting,
 There's nothing in the ſtate itſelf diſguſting:
 Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
 Are valued from propriety of carriage:
 If gentle ſenſe, if ſweet diſcretion, guide 'em, 35
 It matters not tho' coxcombs may deride 'em:
 And virtue's virtue, be ſhe maid or wedded;
 A certain truth! ſay--Deb'rah Woodcock ſaid it.

AN EPILOGUE,

To The Muſe of Oſſian, ſpoken at Edinburgh.

IN fond romance let Fancy reign creative;
 Valour among the northern hills is native:
 The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Oſſian's ſtory,
 Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
 Nor could the ſtormy clime, with all its rigour, 5
 Repel in love or war the hero's vigour.
 When honour call'd, the youth diſdain'd to ponder,
 And as he fought the fav'rite maid grew fonder.
 The brave by Beauty were rejected never,
 For girls are gracious when the lads are clever. 10
 If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
 The bard at home had ev'ry power deſcriptive;

He swell'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,
And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us.
The sway of northern Beauty, if disputed,
Look round, ye Infidels! and stand confuted, [*'em*;
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known
They're such—the sacred Ossian cann't disown 'em.

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your usual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And stamp it with the sanction of your favour. 24

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken in the Character of Lady Townley, in
The Provoked Husband.*

AT Lady...let me recollect...whose night is't?
No matter...at a circle the politest,
Taste summons all the satire she is able,
And canvasses my conduct to the table.

"A wife reclaim'd, and by a husband's rigour, 5

"A wife with all her appetites in vigour,

"Lard! she must make a lamentable figure!

"Where was her pride? of ev'ry spark divested,

"To mend because a prudish husband press'd it!

"What! to prefer his dull domestic quiet 10

"To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot?

"Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected,

"Because at ten she's by her spouse expected?

"Oh hideous! how immensely out of nature! 14

"Don't you, my Dears! despise the servile crea-
Prudence, altho' the company be good, [*ture?*"]

Is often heard, and sometimes understood.

Suppose, to justify my reformation,
She'd give the circle this concise oration.

"Ye giddy group of fashionable Wives! 20

"That in continu'd riot waste your lives,

"Did ye but see the demons that descend,

"The cares convulsive that on cards attend,

" The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,
 " (Rage reddens here, there Avarice despairs) 25
 " You'd rush for shelter where contentment lies,
 " To the domestic blessings you despise.
 " Or if you've no regard for moral duty,
 " ('Tis trite, but true)—Quadrille will murder
 " Beauty."

Taste is abash'd (the culprit!) I'm acquitted; 30
 They praise the character they lately pity'd:
 They promise to reform, relinquish play,
 So break the tables up at break of day. 33

AN EPILOGUE,

*Designed to be spoken at Alnwick, on resigning the
 Playhouse to a Party detached from the
 Edinburgh Theatre.*

TO Alnwick's lofty seat, a sylvan scene!
 To rising hills from distance doubly green,
 Go, (says the god of Wit) my standard bear,
 These are the mansions of the great and fair†;
 'Tis my Olympus now; go spread your banners
 there.

Led by fond Hope, the pointed path we trace, 6
 And thank'd our patron for the flow'ry place.
 Here—we behold a gently waving wood,
 There—we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood.
 The landscape smiles—the fields gay fragrance wear;
 Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air: 11
 Slender repast indeed, and but camelion fare.
 A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,
 And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift,
 By tyrant managers awhile consign'd 15
 To fatten on what forage they can find,
 With lawless force our liberty invades,
 And fain would thrust us from these fav'rite shades;
 But we (since Prejudice erects her scale,
 And puffs and petty artifice prevail) 20

† The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord and Lady
 Wakeworth, &c.

To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be undone.

With gratitude still we'll acknowledge the favours.
So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours : 24
To the great and the fair we rest thankfully debtors,
And wish we could say we gave place to our betters.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. G..... at her Benefit.

UNTAUGHT to tread the Muse's various maze,
And quite unpractis'd in poetic lays,
I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I've seen a housewife stand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand, 5
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilst all the neighb'ring poultry gathers round.

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well-known way ;
His consort next, she guides his chatt'ring train, 10
Impatient to devour the golden grain ;
Next stalks the turkey-cock above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest ;
The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,
Alike partakers of the free repast. 15

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest).
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his merit should provide him meat, 19
And thinks the hostess thank'd that he vouchsaf'd
A linnet perching on a neighb'ring tree [to eat.
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see ;
She lights, and, mingling with the motley crew,
Feasted, as most, at free expence will do ;
Then singling from the mercenary throng, 25
Repaid the gen'rous donor with a song.

Could well-wrought numbers with my wish agree,
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me ;
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,
Accept, kind Patrons! of a warm good will. 30

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Child Nine Years old.

AS the wise ones within have assur'd me it's
common

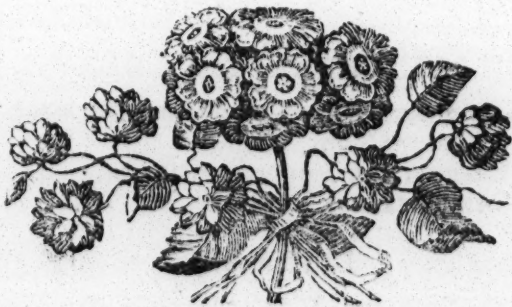
For chits of my age to be aping the woman,
To prove that I've talents as well as another,
Good Folks! I ran forward, in spite of my mother.
Don't tell me, says I—they shall know how the case
is;

I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces: 6
I was born a coquette, and by Godes I'm not idle;
I can ogle already—look peevish, and bridle;
And I'll practise new gestures each night and each
morning [ing.

'Gainst I reach to my teens—so I give ye fair warn-
Tho' I move ye at present with nothing but laugh-
ter, [hereafter.

Look well to your hearts, Beaux!—I'll swinge ye
Have patience then pray, and, by practice grown
bolder,

I'll promise to please if I live to grow older. 14



EPIGRAMS.

AN EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pafs'd Sawney with his budget ;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it. 4

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for ;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for. 8

ANOTHER.

TO Wasteall whose eyes were just closing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door ; [breath,
" In peace," cry'd the wretch, " let me give up my
" And Fate will soon rub out my score." 4

" Come, Bailiffs," cry'd Doll, "(how I'll hamper
" this cheat !)

" Let the law be no longer delay'd ;

" I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,

" And by G---d he sha'n't die till I'm paid." 8

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, " Churchill's dead."

Says Richard, " Tom, you lie ;

" Old Rancour the report hath spread ;

" But Genius cannot die." 4

EPIGRAM.

COULD Kate for Dick compose the Gordian
string,

The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring !

A loving wife, obedient to her vows,

Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse. 4

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IMITATIONS.

THE ROSE.

ANACREON, ODE V. IMITATED.

SHED Roses in the sprightly juice
Prepar'd for every social use,
So shall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.

Ourselfs, with rosy chaplets bound,
Shall sing, and fet the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle Rose we greet;
We worship thee, delicious Sweet!
For, tho' by mighty gods carefs'd,
You deign to make us mortals blest.

The Cupids and the Graces fair
With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair,
And nimbly strike celestial ground,
Eternal roses blooming round.

Bring us more sweets ere these expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre;
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,
Shall lead us to his fav'rite tun:
Among the sporting youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auspicious shades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We'll dance the jovial hours away.

THE DOVE.

ANACREON, ODE IX. IMITATED.

"TELL me," said I, "my beauteous Dove?

"(If an ambassadefs from Love)

"Tell me on what soft errand sent

"Thy gentle flight is this way bent?

"Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed

"As in the quiv'ring breeze they spread."

"A message," says the Bird, "I bear

"From fond Anacreon to the fair;

"A virgin of celestial grace,

"The Venus of the human race!

- " Me for an hymn or amorous ode
 " The Paphian Venus once bestow'd
 " To the sweet bard, for whom I'd fly
 " Unweary'd to the farthest sky.
 " Thro' the soft air he bade me glide, 15
 " (See to my wing his billet's ty'd)
 " And told me 'twas his kind decree,
 " When I return'd, to set me free.
 " 'Twould prove me but a simple bird
 " To take Anacreon at his word. 20
 " Why should I hide me in the wood,
 " Or search for my precarious food,
 " When I've my master's leave to stand
 " Cooing upon his friendly hand?
 " When I can be profusely fed 25
 " With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,
 " And welcom'd to his nectar bowl,
 " Sip the rich drops that fire the soul,
 " Till in fantastic rounds I spread
 " My flutt'ring pinions o'er his head? 30
 " Or if he strike the trembling wire,
 " I perch upon my fav'rite lyre,
 " Till, lull'd into luxuriant rest,
 " Sleep steals upon my raptur'd breast,
 " Go, Stranger! to your bus'ness, go; 35
 " I've told you all you wish'd to know:
 " Go, Stranger! and I think you'll say,
 " This prattling Dove's an arrant jay." 38

ANACREON,

ODE XIV. IMITATED.

WHY did I with Love engage?
 Why provoke his mighty rage?
 True it is, the wand'ring child
 Met me with an aspect mild,
 And besought me like a friend
 At his gentle shrine to bend:
 True, from my mistaken pride
 Due devotion was deny'd,

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IMITATIONS.

Till-(because I would not yield) 35
Cupid dar'd me to the field. 10

Now I'm in my armour clasp'd,
Now the mighty lance is grasp'd;
But an Achillean spear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poison'd arrows fly 15
Hot as lightning from the sky.

Wounded, thro' the woods I run,
Follow'd still by Beauty's son;
Arrows in malignant show'rs
Still the angry urchin pours, 20
Till exhausting all his store
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the gods.....a living dart!
Shoots himself into my heart!

Freedom I must now resign; 25
Victory, O Love! is thine.
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within? 28

ANACREON,

ODE XIX. IMITATED.

OLD Earth, when in a tippling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,
Drink from her kind maternal breast. 4

Lest angry Ocean should be dry,
The River-gods their stores supply:
The monarch of the glowing Day
Drinks large potations from the sea; 8

And the pale empress of the Night
Drinks from his orb propitious light:
All, all things drink, abstemious Sage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage? 12

TO THE SWALLOW.

ANACREON, ODE XXXIII. IMITATED.

SOON as Summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird! you fly,

And, with golden sunshine blest'd,
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.

When the seasons cease to smile
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming Bird! you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.

Like the Swallow, Love! depart;
Respite for a while my heart.

No: he'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand wishes try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thousand tell,
Pertly peeping thro' the shell;
In a state unfinish'd rise

Thousands of a smaller size.

Till their noisy chirpings cease,
Never shall my heart have peace.
Feather'd ones the younglings feed
Till, mature, they're fit to breed;
Then, to swell the crowded store,
They produce their thousands more;
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breast their vast amount.

ANACREON,

ODE LVIII. IMITATED.

AS I wove, with wanton care,
Filletts for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond design
What the fields had fresh and fine,
Cupid---and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowslip bell,
While he plum'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart

Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden, I secur'd the boy,
And, regardless of his cries,
Bore the little frighted prize
Where the mighty goblet stood
Teeming with a rosy flood.

IMITATIONS.

37

"Urchin!" in my rage, I cry'd,
 "What avails thy saucy pride?
 "From thy busy vengeance free,
 "Triumph now belongs to me:
 "Thus, I drown thee in my cup;
 "Thus, in wine, I drink thee up."

20

Fatal was the nectar'd draught
 That to murder Love I quaff'd:
 O'er my bosom's fond domains
 Now the cruel tyrant reigns,
 On my heart's most tender strings
 Striking with his wanton wings.
 I'm for ever doom'd to prove
 All the insolence of Love.

25

28

IMITATION,
 FROM ANACREON.

FILL me that capacious cup,
 Fill it to the margin up:
 From my veins the thirsty Day
 Quaffs the vital strength away.
 Let a wreath my temples shield
 Fresh from the enamell'd field;
 These declining roses bow,
 Blasted by my sultry brow.

5

Flow'rets, by their friendly aid,
 From the sunbeams form a shade;
 Let me from my heart require,
 (Glowing with intense desire)
 Is there in the deepest grove
 Shelter from the beams of Love?

10

14

THE DANCE,
 ANACREONTIC.

HARK! the speaking strings invite,
 Music calls us to delight:
 See! the maids in measures move,
 Winding like the maze of love:
 As they mingle, madly gay,
 Sporting Hebe leads the way.

5

On each glowing cheek is spread
 Rosy Cupid's native red,
 And from ev'ry sparkling eye
 Pointed darts at random fly.
 Love and active Youth advance
 Foremost in the sprightly dance.
 As the magic numbers rise,
 Thro' my veins the poison flies;
 Raptures not to be express'd
 Revel in my throbbing breast:
 Jocund as we beat the ground,
 Love and harmony go round.

10

15

Every maid (to crown his blifs)
 Gives her youth a rosy kiss;
 Such a kiss as might inspire
 Thrilling raptures—soft desire:
 Such Adonis might receive,
 Such the queen of Beauty gave,
 When the conquer'd goddess strove
 (In the conscious myrtle-grove)
 To inflame the boy with love.

20

25

Let not pride our sports restrain;
 Banish hence the prude Disdain!
 Think—ye Virgins! if you're coy,
 Think—ye rob yourselves of joy;
 Every moment you refuse,
 So much ecstacy you lose:
 Think, how fast these moments fly,
 If you should too long deny,
 Love and Beauty both will die.

30

36

HORACE,

ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
 Always coy and always fair!
 Should unwish'd-for languor spread
 O'er that beauteous white and red;
 Should these locks, that sweetly play
 Down these shoulders, fall away,
 And that lovely bloom, that glows
 Fairer than the fairest rose,

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IMITATIONS.

89

Should it fade, and leave thy face
 Spoil'd of ev'ry killing grace ;
 Should your glaſs the charge betray,
 Thus, my Fair ! you'd weeping ſay,
 " Cruel Gods ! does beauty fade,
 " Now warm deſires my breaſt invade ?
 " And why, while blooming youth did glow,
 " Was this heart as cold as ſnow ?" 16

SAPPHO's HYMN TO VENUS,

IMITATED.

I.

HAIL ! (with eternal beauty bleſs'd,
 O'er heav'n and earth ador'd !)
 Hail, Venus ! 'tis thy ſlave's requeſt
 Her peace may be reſtor'd :
 Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling ſmart,
 And bid thy tyrant ſon from Sappho's ſoul depart. 6

II.

Once you deſcended, queen of Love !
 At Sappho's bold deſire,
 From the high roofs of ſacred Jove,
 Thy ever glorious fire !
 I ſaw thy duſky-pinion'd ſparrows bear
 Thy chariot, rolling light thro' the rejoicing air. 12

III.

No tranſient viſit you deſign'd,
 Your wanton birds depart,
 And with a look divinely kind,
 That ſooth'd my flutt'ring heart, [reſt ?
 " Sappho," ſay you, " what ſorrow breaks thy
 " How can I give relief to thy conflicting breaſt ? 18

IV.

" Is there a youth ſeverely coy
 " My fav'rite would ſubdue ?
 " Or has ſhe loſt ſome wand'ring boy,
 " To plighted vows untrue ?
 " Spread thy ſoft nets, the rambler ſhall return,
 " And with new-lighted flames, more fond, more
 " fiercely burn. 24

V.

"Thy proffer'd gifts tho' he deride,
 "And scorn thy glowing charms,
 "Soon shall his ev'ry art be try'd
 "To win thee to his arms:
 "Tho' he be now as cold as virgin snow,
 "The victim in his turn shall like rous'd *Ætna*
 "glow."

30

VI.

Thee, Goddess! I again invoke,
 These mad desires remove!
 Again I've felt the furious stroke
 Of irresistible Love:
 Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,
 Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour
 burn.

36

TO THE EVENING STAR,

MOSCHUS, IDYLLIUM VII.

AS TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.

HAIL, golden Star! of ray serene!
 Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen!
 O Hesper! glory of the night,
 Diffusing thro' the gloom delight,
 Whose beams all other stars outshine
 As much as silver Cynthia thine;
 O! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
 To him I love, my shepherd swain;
 He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
 Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
 Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
 Nor the lone traveller of gold:
 Love is my crime: O! lend thy ray
 To guide a lover on her way.
 May the bright star of Venus prove
 The gentle harbinger of Love!

4

1





There Contemplation to the crowd unknown,
 Her attitude composed and aspect sweet,
 She's making in a monumental flow,
 And points to the incense of her feet.
Cunningham's Elegy on a Life of Quins, page 31.
From the Library of the University of Edinburgh.



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MISCELLANIES.

AN ELEGY

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

*Aspice murorem moles, præruptæque saxa ! Janus Vitalis,
Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit. Seneca.*

I.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains. 4

II.

Half bury'd, there lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk and urn o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub there descends in dust
From the rent roof and portico sublime. 8

III.

The rivulets, oft' frighted at the sound
Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry. 12

IV.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle, or the noxious nightshade, spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

V.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the memento at her feet. 20

VI.

Soon as sage Ev'ning check'd Day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood,
And, seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd as the mould'ring monuments I view'd. 24

VII.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here Time hath pass'd—what ruin marks his way!
This Pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay. 28

VIII.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain, and Melody her song sublime;
In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time. 32

IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride?
And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy ty'd. 36

X.

How solemn is the cell, o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view yon' cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,
Religion-like, stands mould'ring in decay! 40

XI.

Where the mild sun thro' faint encypher'd glass,
Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky aisle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the Pile! 44

XII.

And Piety with mystic-meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,
'Trod oft' the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd! 48

XIII.

Thro' the grey grove, between those with'ring trees,
'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron, on her knees,
Half-wasted, like a Niobe in tears: 52

XIV.

Low levell'd in the dust, her darling's laid!
Death pity'd not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb. 56

XV.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest
Where mould'ring in the niche his statue stands,
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And cray'd the benediction of his hands. 60

XVI.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,
As, trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply. 64

XVII.

Ah! what avails that o'er the vassal-plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide?
That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry flood marshall'd by his side? 68

XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conq'ror Time
Levell'd the fabric as the founder low. 72

XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord dwell;
And where Society sat sweetly crown'd
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

XX.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom. 80

XXI.

The trav'ller is bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where in his groves, with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore. 84

XXII.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry.

XXIII.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent
With Comus and the laughter-loving crew,
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew. 92

XXIV.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by mask or midnight roar;
Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more.

96

XXV.

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in deep design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd foll'wer of the sacred Nine,
Soothe with his melody, insatiate Death?

100

XXVI.

No....Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

104

XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promisc'ous in the tomb.

108

XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip, remember thou'rt no more than man: 112

XXIX.

"Tho' Glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
"Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
"Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal
"Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!" 116

XXX.

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd when the perishable pomp he view'd: 120

XXXI.

And as he rode high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of Conquest dress'd,
Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd pendent on a spear his burial vest;

124

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XXXII.

While thus the herald cry'd,—“This son of Pow'r,
 “This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
 “May in the space of one revolving hour
 “Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!” 128

XXXIII.

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
 Where Slaughter like the rapid lightning ran,
 And say, while Mem'ry weeps the blood-stain'd field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

XXXIV.

Vain then are pyramids and motto'd stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high;
 For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
 That, mix'd in hasty graves, unnotic'd lie. 136

XXXV.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head
 Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb!
 Or sleeps one colder in his close clay-bed
 Than th'other in the wide vault's dreary womb!

XXXVI.

Hither let lux'ry lead her loose-rob'd train,
 Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,
 And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
 The wish that sighs for sublunary things! 144

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,
 And give a short, perhaps a quick, relief,
 While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with public woe,
 Must labour thro' a long protracted grief. 4

This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's blast)
 The sons of Albion can't enough deplore;
 Think, Britons! think on all his triumphs past,
 And weep.—Your warrior is—alas! no more. 8

Blight, we are told, respects the conqueror's tree,
 And thro' the laurel-grove with caution flies:
 Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,
 Cover'd with laurels, when a Granby dies! 12

ON THE DEATH OF
MR. OF SUNDERLAND.

GO, breath of Sorrow—go, attending Sighs,
Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
And Charity's first steward—is no more. 4

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?
Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?
Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,
So gracious—good—so tenderly humane?

Yes—there survives his darling offspring—young,
Yet in the paths of Virtue steady—sure:
'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,
“Think (O remember!) think upon my poor.” 12

ON THE DEATH OF
MRS. SLEIGH, OF STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honor'd, much lamented Sleigh!
The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the earth, could die:
Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE how the buds and blossoms shoot!
How sweet will be the summer fruit!
Let us behold the infant rose,
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning smiles serenely gay,
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid
In early innocence array'd.
If in the morning of her years
A lustre so intense appears,
When time shall point her noontide rays,
When her meridian charms shall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze.

ON ALDERMAN W.....

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

THAT he was born, it cannot be deny'd.
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and dy'd.

AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

THAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true we have cause to lament;
Yet 'faith 'tis a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.

4

On the stone that was plac'd o'er his head
(When he mingled with shadows so grim)
These words may be ev'ry day read,
"Here lies the late Alderman Whim."

2

EPIGRAPH

FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

Executed by Mr. P. Gormingham, Statuary in Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHT-PIECE.

Nox erat

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, piscesque volucres.

THE queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign,
Advancing in their vary'd light
Her silver-vested train.

4

II.

'Tis strange the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon' sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

I

III.

A kind, a philosophic, calm
The cool Creation wears;
And what Day drank of dewy balm
The gentle Night repairs.

12

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid
That gamboll'd round the hill!

16

V.

The sweets that, bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day reclin'd;
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

20

VI.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A phoenix nest on fire.

24

VII.

But soft---the golden glow subsides,
Her chariot mounts on high,
And now in silver pomp she rides
Pale regent of the sky.

28

VIII.

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree,
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

32

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime,
Its branches brav'd the sky:
Thus at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

36

X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse;
It glows serenely gay:
Come, Science! by my side advance;
We'll search the milky way,

40

XI.

Let us descend—The daring flight
 Fatigues my feeble mind ;
 And Science in the maze of light
 Is impotent and blind.

44

XII.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires
 That o'er the moorland ran ?
 Vapours. How like the vague desires
 That cheat the heart of man !

48

XIII.

But there's a friendly guide !—a flame,
 That, lambent o'er his bed,
 Enlivens with a gladsome beam
 The hermit's osier shed.

52

XIV.

Among the russet shades of night
 It glances from afar,
 And darts along the dusk so bright,
 It seems a silver star !

56

XV.

In coverts (where the few frequent)
 If Virtue deigns to dwell,
 'Tis thus the little lamp Content
 Gives lustre to his cell.

60

XVI.

How smooth that rapid river slides
 Progressive to the deep !
 The poppies pendent o'er its sides
 Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

64

XVII.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons,
 Ye Indolent ! ye Gay !
 Reflect.....for as the river runs
 Life wings its trackless way.

68

XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green
 Conceals the azure sky,
 Save where a starry space between
 Relieves the darken'd eye.

72

XIX.

Old Error thus with shades impure
 Throws sacred Truth behind,
 Yet sometimes thro' the deep obscure
 She bursts upon the mind.

76

XX.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign;
 They lock the shepherd's fold:
 But hark!...I hear a lamb complain,
 'Tis lost upon the wold!

80

XXI.

To savage herds, that haunt for prey,
 An unresisting prize!
 For, having trod a devious way,
 The little Rambler dies.

84

XXII.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
 Whom pleasure once misguides,
 When hurry'd from the halcyon cot
 Where Innocence presides.....

88

XXIII.

The Passions, a relentless train!
 To tear the victim, run:
 She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,
 Is conquer'd---and undone.

92

XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze
 Where willows shade the way!
 As proud as if their painted rays
 Could emulate the day.

96

XXV.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of Pow'r
 Advance their vain parade!
 Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
 And like the glow-worms fade!

100

XXVI.

The soft serenity of Night
 Ungentle clouds deform;
 The silver host, that shone so bright,
 Is hid behind a Storm.

104

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MISCELLANIES.

XXVII.

The angry elements engage !
An oak (an ivy'd bow'r)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the show'r.

107

108

XXVIII.

The rancour thus of rushing Fate
I've learn'd to render vain ;
For, whilst Integrity's her feat,
The soul will sit serene.

112

XXIX.

A raven from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought !
Reflect upon the tomb.

116

XXX.

The tomb !---The consecrated dome,
The temple, rais'd to Peace !
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race !

120

XXXI.

Yon' village to the moral mind
A solemn aspect wears,
Where Sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares :

124

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,
An emblematic bed !
That offers to the mental fight
The temporary dead.

128

XXXIII.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought
The grave's unmeasur'd deep ;
And, tutor'd, hence be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

132

XXXIV.

'Tis peace !—(The little chaos past !)
The gracious moon's restor'd !
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast
That thro' the forest roar'd.

136

XXXV.

The nightingale, a welcome guest !
 Renews her gentle strains ;
 And Hope, just wand'ring from my breast,
 Her wonted feat regains.

140

XXXVI.

Yes---When yon' lucid orb is dark,
 And darting from on high,
 My soul, a more celestial spark !
 Shall keep her native sky.

144

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light---the lenient breeze,
 My limbs refreshment find ;
 And moral rhapsodies like these
 Give vigour to the mind.

148

A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus omnes.

Virg.

I.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
 Frolics where the winter frown'd,
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
 We command the Landscape round.

4

II.

Nature in the prospect yields
 Humble dales and mountains bold,
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields,
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

8

III.

Goats upon that frowning steep
 Fearless with their kidlings brouse ;
 There a flock of snowy sheep,
 Here an herd of motley cows.

12

IV.

On the uplands ev'ry glade
 Brightens in the blaze of day ;
 O'er the vales the sober shade
 Softens to an ey'ning grey.

16

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V.

Where the rill by slow degrees
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

20

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak
Near the farmhouse forms a bridge.

24

VII.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride,
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide.....

28

VIII.

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing fun.

32

IX.

High upon the daisy'd hill,
Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze!....

36

X.

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
Bouncing from her loaded pad,
Where the maid presents her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad.

40

XI.

O'er the green a festal throng
Gambols in fantastic trim
As the full cart moves along :
Hearken!—'tis the harvest hymn,

44

XII.

Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise
Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

48

XIII.

Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs dividing break ;
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake.

52

XIV.

From his languid flocks the swain,
By the sunbeams sore oppress'd,
Plunging in the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breast.

56

XV.

Where the mantling willows nod
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide.

60

XVI.

On the isles, with osiers dress'd,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds ;
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon' crackling reeds.

64

XVII.

Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.

68

XVIII.

Where the stone-crofs lifts its head,
Many a faint and pilgrim hoar
Up the hill was wont to tread
Barefoot in the days of yore.

72

XIX.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon rev'rend shades,
Whilome in that shatter'd cell
Many an hermit told his beads.

76

XX.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tott'ring with a load of years.

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XXI.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay upon the rising green,
Many an Attic building smiles.

84

XXII.

Painted gardens, grotts, and groves,
Intermingling shade and light,
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

86

XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the Landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

92

FORTUNE :

AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula narratur.

JOVE and his senators, in sage debate,
For man's felicity, were settling laws,
When a rude roar, that shook the sacred gate,
Turn'd their attention to enquire the cause.

4

II.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,
In the rough garniture of Grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place :
“ Let me have justice, Jupiter ! ”—he bray'd.

III.

“ I am an afs, of innocence allow'd
“ The type, yet Fortune persecutes me still ;
“ While foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring crowd,
“ Beneath her patronage, can rob and kill.

12

IV.

“ The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd so hard)
“ Favour and friendship from his owner finds :
“ For endless diligence (a rough reward !)
“ I'm cudgell'd by a race of paltry hinds.

16

V.

" On wretched provender compell'd to feed,
 " The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed !
 " For me Dame Fortune never yet decreed
 " The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed. 20

VI.

" Rough and unseemly is my irrev'rent hide !
 " Where can I visit, thus uncouthly dress'd ?
 " That outside elegance the Dame deny'd
 " For which her fav'rites are too oft carefs'd. 24

VII.

" To suff'ring virtue, sacred Jove ! be kind :
 " From Fortune's tyranny pronounce me free :
 " She's a deceiver if she says she's blind ;
 " She sees, propitiously sees, all—but me !" 28

VIII.

The plaintiff could articulate no more ;
 His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan !
 The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
 Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

IX.

The monarch, with an all-commanding sound,
 (Deepen'd like thunder thro' the rounds of space)
 Gave order—that Dame Fortune should be found
 To answer as she might the plaintiff's case. 36

X.

Soldiers, and citizens, a seemly train !
 And lawyers, and physicians, sought her cell,
 With many a schoolman—but their search was vain:
 Few can the residence of Fortune tell. 40

XI.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide
 His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare,
 'Twas rumour'd that Dame Fortune did reside,
 And Jove's ambassadors were posted there. 44

XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments dress'd,
 A feeble porter at the gate they found,
 Doubled with wretchedness—with age distress'd,
 And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd. 48

XIII.

"Mortals, avaunt!" the trembling spectre cries,
 "Ere you invade those sacred haunts beware!
 "To guard Lord Avarice from rude surprise
 "I am the centinel—my name is Care, 52

XIV.

"Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of Mind,
 "These are the foldiers that surround his hall,
 "And ev'ry fury that can lash Mankind;
 "Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call. 56

XV.

"Fortune's gone forth; you seek a wand'ring dame;
 "A settled residence the harlot scorns:
 "Curse on such visitants! she never came,
 "But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns. 60

XVI.

"To the green vale yon shelt'ring hills surround
 "Go forward; you'll arrive at Wisdom's cell;
 "Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,
 "None can direct your anxious search so well." 64

XVII.

Forward they went o'er many a dreary spot,
 (Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
 Till, from the casement of a low-roof'd cot,
 Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door. 68

XVIII.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name)
 Gave to their questions a serene reply:
 "Hither," she said, "if e'er that goddess came,
 "I saw her not, she pass'd unnotic'd by. 72

XIX.

"Abroad with Contemplation oft' I roam,
 "And leave to Poverty my humble cell;
 "She's my domestic—never stirs from home;
 "If Fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell. 76

XX.

"The matron eyes us from yon' mantling shade,
 "And, see, her sober footsteps this way bent!
 "Mark, by her side, a little rose-lipp'd maid; 79
 "'Tis my young daughter, and her name's Content."

XXI.

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,
 "Fortune," she cry'd "hath never yet been here;
 "But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
 "Tells me, her Highness may in time appear. 84

XXII.

"Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot
 "On whom her golden bounty beams divine;
 "Yet, tho' she never reach our rustic cot,
 "Patience will visit us—We sha'nt repine." 88

XXIII.

After a vast but unavailing round,
 The messengers returning in despair,
 On an high hill a Fairy mansion found,
 And hop'd the goddess Fortune might be there. 92

XXIV.

The dome, so glitt'ring, it amaz'd the sight,
 ('Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o'er)
 Had not a casement to admit the light,
 Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door. 96

XXV.

But, eager to conclude a tedious chase,
 And anxious to return from whence they came,
 Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
 Thrice utter'd awfully Jove's sacred name. 100

XXVI.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
 Illusion and her fairy dome withdrew,
 (Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
 And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view. 104

XXVII.

Oft' for that happiness high courts deny'd
 To this receptacle Dame Fortune ran;
 When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide
 From the wild suits of discontented man. 108

XXVIII.

Prostrate the delegates their charge declare;
 (Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
 Fortune receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
 And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment-
 seat. 112

XXIX.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
Were gather'd, tho' from diff'rent motives keen;
Many—to see Dame Fortune's radiant face,
Many—by radiant Fortune to be seen. 116

XXX.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems;
He gave her near his own a golden seat:
Fair Fortune's an adventurer it seems,
The deities themselves are glad to meet. 120

XXXI.

“Daughter,” says Jupiter “you're fore accus'd;
“Clamour incessantly reviles your name;
If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
“Be confident, and vindicate your fame. 124

XXXII.

“Tho' pester'd daily by complaints from man,
“Thro' this conviction I record them not:
“Let my kind providence do all it can,
“None of that species ever lik'd his lot. 128

XXXIII.

“But the poor quadruped that now appeals,
“Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue!
“Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
“And all his wretchedness he lays to you.” 132

XXXIV.

“Ask him, high Jupiter!” reply'd the Dame,
“In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class?
“Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame
“That she descends not to regard—an ass?” 135

XXXV.

Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;
The Dame defendant was discharg'd with grace.
“Go,” to the plaintiff, said the Sire, “and try
“By merit to surmount your low-born race. 140

XXXVI.

“Learn from the lion to be just and brave;
“Take from the elephant instruction wise;
“With gracious breeding like the horse behave;
“Nor the sagacity of hounds despise. 144

XXXVII.

"These useful qualities with care imbibe,
 "For which some quadrupeds are justly priz'd :
 "Attain those talents that adorn each tribe;
 "And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd." 148

LOVE AND CHASTITY :

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FROM the high mount * whence sacred groves de-
 pend,

Diana and her virgin troop descend,
 And while the buskin'd Maids, with active care,
 The bus'ness of the daily chase prepare,
 A fav'rite nymph steps forward from the throng, 5
 And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

AIR.

Jolly Health springs aloft at the loud-sounding horn,
 Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace,
 And Joy sings a hymn to salute the sweet Morn,
 That smiles on the nymphs of the chase. 10
 The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,
 No rancour disturbs our delight;
 All day with fresh Vigour we sweep o'er the plains,
 And sleep with Contentment all night,

RECITATIVE.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of Love; 15
 He flies indignant to the sacred grove;
 Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair;
 His rosy wings perfume the wanton air;
 Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs declare.
 A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face, 20
 A frown succeeds—she stops the springing chase,
 And thus forbids the boy the consecrated place.

AIR.

Fond disturber of the heart?
 From these sacred shades depart;
 Here's a blooming troop disdains
 Love and his fantastic chains. 25

* Mount Latmos.

Sisters of the silver bow,
 Pure and chaste as virgin snow,
 Melt not at thy feeble fires,
 Wanton god of wild desires ! 30

RECITATIVE.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,
 While thus the angry goddess he address'd.

AIR.

Virgin-snow does oft remain
 Long unmelted on the plain,
 Till the glorious god of day 35
 Smiles, and wastes its pride away.
 What is Sol's meridian fire
 To the darts of strong desire ?
 Love can light a raging flame
 Hotter than his noontide beam. 40

RECITATIVE.

Now through the forest's brown embower'd ways
 With careless steps the young Endymion strays ;
 His form erect—loose flows his lovely hair,
 His glowing cheeks, like youthful Hebe's, fair !
 His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move ; 45
 His eyes—his ev'ry feature, form'd for love ;
 Around the list'ning woods attentive hung,
 Whilst thus invoking sleep the shepherd sung.

AIR.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides
 Near the wood-nymph's rustic grot, 50
 If the god of Sleep resides,
 Or in Pan's sequester'd cot,
 Hither if he'll lightly tread,
 Follow'd by a gentle dream,
 We'll enjoy this grassy bed, 55
 On the bank beside the stream.

RECITATIVE.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
 Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes ;
 And now a sporting breeze his bosom shews,
 As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows ; 60

The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound,
 Her silver bow falls useless to the ground :
 Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart
 Unerring to her undefended heart.
 She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire, 65
 And thus persuades her virgins to retire.

AIR.

I.

Ye tender Maids ! be timely wise,
 Love's wanton fury shun ;
 In flight alone your safety lies,
 The daring are undone. 70

II.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
 With vultures fell engage ?
 Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
 Or tempt the tiger's rage ?

III.

No, no. Like fawns, ye Virgins ! fly ; 75
 To secret cells remove ;
 Nor dare the doubtful combat try
 Twixt Chastity and Love. 78

HYMEN.

WHEN Chloe, with a blush, comply'd
 To be the fond Nicander's bride,
 His imagination ran
 On raptures never known by man.
 How high the tides of Fancy swell 5
 Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd - Nicander cries,
 " Descending from the radiant skies,
 " Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
 " The herald of connubial joy ! 10
 " Draw him with all peculiar care ;
 " Make him beyond Adonis fair ;
 " Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,
 " Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,
 " Lips soft'ning in nectareous dew ; 15

- " A lustre o'er his charms display
 " More glorious than the beams of day.
 " Expect, Sir, if you can succeed,
 " A premium for a prince indeed."
 His talents straight the painter try'd, 20
 And, ere the nuptial knot was ty'd,
 A picture in the noblest taste
 Before the fond Nicander plac'd.
 The lover thus arraign'd his skill :
 " Your execution's monstrous ill ! 25
 " A diff'rent form my fancy made ;
 " You're quite a bungler at the trade.
 " Where is the robe's luxuriant flow ?
 " Where is the cheek's celestial glow ?
 " Where are the looks so fond and free ? 30
 " 'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."
 The painter bow'd—with this reply :
 " My colours a'n't, your honour, dry ;
 " When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint
 " 'Twill please you or the deuce is in't : 35
 " I'll watch the happy change, and then
 " Attend you with my piece again."
 In a few months, the painter came
 With a performance (still the same.)
 " Take it away !" the husband cry'd ; 40
 " I have repeated cause to chide.
 " Sir, you should all excesses shun ;
 " This is a picture overdone !
 " There's too much ardour in that eye,
 " The tincture on the cheek's too high ; 45
 " The robes have a lascivious play,
 " The attitude's too loosely gay.
 " Friend ! on the whole, this piece, for me,
 " Is too luxuriant—far too free."
 The painter thus—" The faults you find 50
 " Are form'd in your capricious mind :
 " To passion a devoted slave,
 " The first directions, Sir, you gave ;
 " Possession has repell'd the flame,
 " Nor left a sentiment the same. 55

" My picture is design'd to prove
 " The changes of precarious love.
 " On the next staircase, rais'd on high,
 " Regard it with a curious eye.
 " As to the first steps you proceed, 60
 " 'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed !
 " But as you mount some paces higher,
 " Is there a grace that don't expire ?"
 So various is the human mind :
 Such are the frailties of mankind !
 What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
 After attainment—droops—and dies. 67

STANZAS

On the Death of his late Majesty King George II.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres. *Hor.*

I.
TENANTS of Liberty on Britain's plain,
 With flocks enrich'd a vast unnumber'd store !
 'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign !
 Your Pan, your great defender, is no more ! 4

II.
 The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
 Where Albion's conq'ring oaks eternal spring,
 In the brown shades their secret sorrows hide,
 And silent mourn the venerable King. 8

III.
 Hark ! how the winds, oft' bounteous to his will,
 That bore his conq'ring fleets to Gallia's shore,
 After a pause pathetically still,
 Burst in loud peals, and thro' the forests roar. 12

IV.
 On Conquest's cheek the vernal roses fail,
 Whilst laurell'd Victory distressful bows ;
 And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
 That late beam'd glorious on our George's brows. 16

V.
 The Muses mourn—an ineffectual band !
 Each sacred harp without an owner lies ;

The Arts, the Sciences, dejected stand,
For, ah! their patron, their protector, dies. 20

VI.

Beauty no more the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by Love's designful labour dress'd);
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And with the fable cypress veils her breast, 24

VII.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of crowns below;
Whilst Melancholy fills the vaulted aisle
With the slow music of a nation's woe. 28

VIII.

The dreary paths of unrelenting Fate,
Must monarchs, mix'd with common mortals, try?
Is there no refuge?—are the good, the great,
The gracious, and the godlike, doom'd to die? 32

IX.

Must the gay court be chang'd for Horror's cave?
Must mighty kings, that kept the world in awe,
Conquer'd by Time and the un pitying Grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law? 36

X.

If in the tent retir'd or battle's rage,
Britannia's sighs shall reach great Fred'rick's* ear,
He'll drop the sword, or close the darling page,
And pensive pay the tributary tear. 40

XI.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally)
The solemn truth by sage reflection taught,
That, spite of glory, Fred'rick's self shall die. 44

XII

The parent's face a prudent painter hides†,
While Death devours the darling of his age:
Nature the stroke of pencil'd art derides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage. 48

* Frederick King of Prussia.

† In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles, despairing to represent the natural distraction of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

XIII.

So let the Muse her feeblest curtain spread,
 By sorrow taught her nerveless pow'r to know :
 When nations cry their king, their father's dead,
 The rest is dumb unutterable woe ! 52

XIV.

But see—a sacred radiance beams around,
 And with returning hope a people cheers :
 Look at yon' youth, with grace imperial crown'd ;
 How awful, yet how lovely, in his tears ! 56

XV.

Mark how his breast expands the filial sigh ;
 He droops, distress'd, like a declining flow'r,
 Till Glory, from her radiant sphere on high,
 Hails him to hold the regal reins of pow'r. 60

XVI.

The faintest fire to realms of bliss remov'd,
 (Like the fam'd phoenix) from his pyre shall spring
 Successive Georges, gracious, and below'd,
 And good and glorious, as the parent-king. 64

STANZAS

ON THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING*.

....tibi, flores, plenis
 Ecce serunt nymphae calathis. *Virg.*

I.

O'ER nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
 Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring ;
 Rich flow'rets, how fragrant ! rise wantonly round,
 And Summer's wing'd choristers sing ! 4

II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain's blest isle
 The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd !
 The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
 And Cowslips crowd forward in haste. 8

* As the following stanzas have appeared anonymous in some periodical papers, it is thought necessary to observe, that they were originally interceded, with the Author's name, in an Edinburgh Magazine, 1766.

III.

Dispatch, gentle Flora! the nymphs of your train
Thro' woodlands to gather each sweet;
Go—rob of young roses the dew-spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet. 12

IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,
For George, oh ye virgins! entwine;
From conquest's sown temple these ever-greens came,
And those from the brows of the Nine. 16

V.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies,)
What glory, to George shall belong!
What Miltons (the other) what Addisons rise,
To make him immortal in song! 20

VI.

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of pow'r,
Whose honours with time shall increase,
And a fair olive sprig, just unfolding its flow'r,
Rich token of concord and peace. 24

VII.

Next give him young myrtles, by Beauty's bright
queen
Collected—the pride of the grove;
How fragrant their odour; their foliage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal love! 28

VIII.

Let Gaul's captive Lilies, cropt close to the ground,
As trophies of conquest be ty'd:
The Virgins all cry, "There's not one to be found;
"Out-bloom'd by his Roses—they dy'd." 32

IV.

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share
With George as our Glories advance—
Thro' envy you'll sicken—you'll droop—you'll de-
spair,
And die—like the Lilies of France. 36

STANZAS

Spoken at a Play at the Theatre at Sunderland.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.

I.

WHO can behold, with an unpitying eye,
 The glorious few (with patriotic fire)
 Distress'd---invaded---and resolv'd to die,
 Or keep their independent rights entire?
 Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind
 In their ignoble fetters half mankind.

II.

The gentle homage that to-night you've paid
 To Freedom and her ever sacred laws,
 The humble off'ring at her altar made,
 Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause. 10
 All-gracious Freedom! O vouchsafe to smile
 Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Isle!

III.

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand!
 For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
 For ever blasted be that impious hand 15
 That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!
 Britons! 'tis your's to make her verdure thrive,
 And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

IV.

O may her rich, her rip'ning fruits of gold,
 Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee! 20
 May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told
 Defended once the fam'd Hesperian tree;
 A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
 With anxious eyes eternally awake. 24

THE VIOLET.

I.

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,
 Fatal to the pride of rank,
 See me, in my low condition,
 Laughing on the tufted bank. 2

On m
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II.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's imprest :
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

3

III.

Modest tho' the maids declare me,
May, in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

12

THE NARCISSUS.

I.

As pendent o'er the limpid stream
I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languish'd in a fruitless flame
For what the Fates deny'd !

4

The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass
With such an angel air,
I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
And lov'd the rival fair.

3

II.

Ye Fates ! no longer let me pine,
A self-admiring sweet !
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiss the fair-one's feet ;

12

That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance should admire,
I may—upon her bosom laid,
In sister-sweets expire.

16

THE BROKEN CHINA.

I.

SOON as the sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Chloe, from disorder'd sleep,
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

4

II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,

Had teas'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

3

III.

"Some shock of Fate is surely nigh,"
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid :
"What do these horrid dreams imply ?
"My Cupid can't be dead !"

12

IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap ;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

16

V.

And now the best of brittle ware
Her sumptuous table grac'd,
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

20

VI.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick, the country beau, appear'd,
And, bowing, took his seat.

24

VII.

Well—chatting on of that and this
The maid revers'd her cup,
And, tempted by the forfeit kiss,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

28

VIII.

With transport he demands the prize ;
Right fairly it was won :
With many a frown the fair denies ;
Fond baits to draw him on.

32

IX.

A man must prove himself polite
In such a case as this ;
So Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiss.

36

X.

But as he strove—O, dire to tell !
(And yet with grief I must,)

The table turn'd—the China fell,
A heap of painted dust.

40

XI.

“O fatal purport of my dream !”
The fair afflicted cry'd,
“Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
“By childishness and pride.

44

XII.

“For in a kiss, or two, or three,
“No mischief could be found !
“Then had I been more frank and free,
“My China had been found.”

41

DAMON AND PHŒBE.

I.

WHEN the sweet rosy Morning first peep'd from
the skies,
A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise ;
The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May ;
The swains and their sweethearts, all ranged on the
green,
Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their queen.

5

II.

Young Damon stepp'd forward : he sung in her praise,
And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays :
“May this wreath,” said the fair-one, “dear Lord
“of my vows !
“A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows.”
The swains and their sweethearts, that danc'd on the
green,
Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe their queen.

9

III.

“Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are told,
The dearest affections are barter'd for gold :
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shakes hands in a cot.
At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has been,
He's as rich as a monarch—she's blest as a queen.

15

18

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN. IN A PANTOMINE.

I.

FROM my favour sense rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected :
Fortune, Harlequin ! hath found you ;
Happiness will hence surround you.

4

II.

Should a thousand Ills inclose you,
Quick contrivance this * bestows you.
Valour makes the fair adore you ;
This † shall drive your foes before you.

8

III.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure ;
Take this purse of Magic treasure.
Go,—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and Jolity attend you.

12

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

I.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows :
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.

4

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of Love.

3

II.

From the west, as it wontonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine ;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine.

12

The pinks, by the rivulet-side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide ;
For May is the mother of love.

16

‡ A Hat.

† A Sword.

III.

May tinges the Butterfly's wing;
 He flutters in bridal array;
 And if the wing'd foresters sing,
 The Music is taught them by May. 20

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond blifs in the grove,
 And murmur'ing, seems to repeat
 That May is the mother of Love. 24

IA.

The goddesses will visit you soon;
 Ye Virgins! be sportive and gay:
 Get your pipes, oh ye Shepherds! in tune,
 For Music must welcome the May. 28

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of Love. 32

ON THE LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

Written in the Year 1771.

^I
THE rooks in the neighbouring grove
 For shelter cry all the long day;
 Their huts in the branches above
 Are cover'd no longer by May. 4

The birds, that so cheerfully sing,
 Are silent, or plaintive each tone,
 And, as they chirp low to their young,
 The want of their goddesses bemoan. 8

II.

No daisies, or carpets of green
 O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;
 Not a sweet brier-sprig can be seen
 To finish this wreath for my head. 12

Some flow'rets, indeed may be found,
 But these neither blooming or gay;

The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May. 16

III.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich tho' fantastical geer;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year. 20

Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine
To see their lov'd gardens undrest:
But I—whilst my Phillida's mine.
Shall always have May in my breast. 24

ON SIR W—B—T's BIRTH DAY.

DOES true Felicity on Grandeur wait?
Delights she in the pageantry of show?
Say, can the glitt'ring gewgaws of the great
An hour of inborn happiness bestow? 4

He that is just, benevolent, humane,
In conscious rectitude supremely blest,
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,
Tho' the gay star ne'er blaz'd upon his breast, 8

Ye happy Children of the hoary North!
Hail the glad day that saw your patron born,
Whose private virtues, and whose public worth,
Might the rich seats of Royalty adorn. 12

ON SEEING J. C.....FT, ESQ.

ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice
Would a man of worth defame,
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shews his want of shame. 4

Busy, pert, unmeaning, parrot!
Vilest of the venal crews!
Go—and, in your Grub-street garret,
Hang yourself and paltry Muse. 8

Pity too the meddling sinner
Should for hunger hang or drown;
F-----x, (he must not want a dinner)—
Send the scribbler half a crown.

12

TO THE HON. MASTER B.....,

SENT WITH A SELECT COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

THO', gentle Youth! thy calm untainted mind
Be like a morning in the spring serene,
Time may commit the passions unconfin'd
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

4

Then in the morn of placid life be wise,
And travel thro' the groves of science soon;
There cull the plants of virtue, that may rise
A peaceful shelter from that sultry noon.

8

ON SEEING W. R. CHETWOOD

CHEERFUL IN A PRISON.

I.

SAY, lov'd Content—fair Goddess! say,
Where shall I seek thy soft retreat,
How shall I find thy halcyon seat,
Or trace thy sacred way;

4

II.

Love pointed out a pleasing scene
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roses and with myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its queen.

8

III.

Delusion all!—a specious cheat!
At my approach the roses fade;
I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond deceit.

12

IV.

At courts I've try'd, where splendour shone,
Where Pomp and gilded Cares reside,
'Midst endless hurry, endless pride,
But there thou wast unknown.

16

V.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,
 Lodg'd with a long experienc'd sage,
 With the fam'd Chiron † of the stage,
 The goddeſs deign'd to dwell. 20

VI.

Integrity and truth ſerene
 Has eas'd the labours of his breaſt,
 And lull'd his peaceful heart to reſt
 'Midſt perfidy and pain. 24

VII.

A ſoul like his, diſrob'd of guile,
 With native innocence elate,
 Above the keen'eſt rage of Fate
 Can greet her with a ſmile. 28

ON SOME BUSSES BEING FITTED OUT FOR
 THE HERRING FISHERY.

O'ER the green waves, where Britain boalts her
 ſway.

Round the wide waſte of our long ſlighted ſea,
 Let the glad tale in ſacred accents ſwell,
 Let babbling Tritons to the ſea gods tell 4
 " Britain's at laſt grown conſcious of her ſhame;
 " Britain awakes her raviſh'd rights to claim;—
 " Britain!...ſee pale Batavians trembling at the name."
 Abaſh'd...confounded...let the dull Mynheer 8
 No more between your ſacred banks appear.
 Shall the dull Dutch exult in our diſgrace,
 Riſe our wedded waves before our face?
 Feaſt on the joys of our luxuriant ſpouſe, 12
 And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows!
 No, Britons! no...George and your Genius ſmile,
 And new-born beauties riſe propitious to your Iſle!

ON GOLD.

BEAUTY's a bawble, a triſle in price!
 'Tis glaſs, or 'tis ſomething as glaring;
 But ſet it in Gold—'tis ſo wonderful nice
 That a prince ſhould be proud in the wearing. 4

† He had been thirty years Prompter at the London Theatre.

How feeble the transport when passion is gone!
 How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!
 When kissing---and cooing--- and toying are done,
 'Tis gold must enliven the lover. 8

ON HEARING DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Particularly admired in a company of Petit-Maitres.

DID rocks and trees in ancient days
 Round tuneful Orpheus throng,
 Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,
 And sensible of song? 4

When the bold Orpheus of our age,
 With true pathetic fire,
 Unfolds the philosophic page,
 The very beaux admire! 8

MELODY.

I.

LIGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows
 Love and Beauty cross'd the plains,
 Flights of little pointed arrows
 Love dispatch'd among the swains. 4

But so much our shepherds dread him,
 (Spoiler of their peace profound,)
 Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
 Frighted, tho' they felt no wound. 8

II.

Now the wanton god grown flier,
 And for each fond mischief ripe,
 Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe. 12

Echo by the winding river
 Doubles his delusive strains,
 While the boy conceals his quiver
 From the slow-returning swains. 16

III.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
 Prais'd the sly musician's art,
 Love, his light disguise rejecting,
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart. 20

Cupid will enforce our duty,
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,
 Those who timid fly from Beauty,
 May by Melody be caught.

24.

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

TO travel far as the wide world extends,
 Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
 Virtue set forth with two selected friends,
 Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

4

II.

As they went on in their intended round,
 Talent first spoke. "My gentle Comrades! say
 "Where each of you may probably be found,
 "Should accident divide us on the way.

8

III.

"If torn," she added, "from my lov'd allies,
 "A friendly patronage I hope to find
 "Where the fine Arts from cultivation rise,
 "And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

11

IV.

Says Virtue, "Did Sincerity appear,
 "Or meek-eye'd Charity, among the great!
 "Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
 "'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

16

V.

"Could I find patriots for the public weal
 "Assiduous, and without their selfish views;
 "Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
 "'Tis among those my residence I'd chuse.

20

VI.

"In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reside,
 "I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
 "Far from the paths of Avarice or pride,
 "Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell,

23

VII.

"Ye may be trac'd, my gentle Friends! 'tis true;
 "But who," says Reputation, "can explore
 "My slipp'ry steps?—Keep, keep me in your view:
 "If I'm once lost you'll never find me more."

28

INCANTATION.

*Performed at the Theatre in Sunderland in a new
Pantomime.*

RECITATIVE.

HECATE.

FROM the dark tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the sun hath left the skies,
Daughters of Enchantment! rise.

AIR.

Welcome from the shades beneath! [*Witches appear.*
Welcome to the blasted heath; 9
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams! with attention keen
Wait the wish of Harlequin. 10
Many a wonder must be done,
For my first, my fav'rite son.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,
Hecate! for your fav'rite son. 14

AN INSCRIPTION

*On the House at Marvis Bank, near Edinburgh,
Situated in a grove.*

PARVA domus! nemorosa quies!
Sis tu, quoque nostris
Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu!
Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomona que mensas!
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes! 5
Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,,
Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor!
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus
Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis!
Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel fero fenestas, 10
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra raddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant
Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas. 15

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

PEACE has explor'd this sylvan scene ;
 She courts your calm retreat,
 Ye Groves of variegated green !
 That grace my genial feat.

4

Here in the lap of lenient Ease,
 (Remote from madd'ning noise,)
 Let me delude a length of days
 In dear domestic joys !

8

II.

Long may the parent queen of Flow'rs
 Her fragrance here display !
 Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs,
 And Make my portals gay !

12

Nor you—my yellow Gardens ! fail
 To swell Pomona's hoard ;
 So shall the plenteous rich regale—
 Replenish long my board.

16

III.

Pour thro' the groves your carols clear,
 Ye Birds ! nor bondage dread :
 If any toils entangle here,
 'Tis those which love hath spread.

20

Where the green hill so gradual flants,
 Or flow'ry glade extends,
 Long may these fair, these fav'rite haunts
 Prove social to my friends !

24

IV.

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
 My happy halcyon Seat !
 Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,
 Far distant be its date.

28

And when he makes, with iron rage,
 The youthful pride his prey,
 Long may the honours of thy age
 Be rev'renc'd in decay !

32

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION
ON THE SAME HOUSE.

HANC in gremio resonantis sylvæ	
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,	
Cæterisque ruris honoribus,	
Undique renidentem villam,	
Non magnificam---non superbam :	5
At qualem vides,	
Commodam, mundam, genialem	
Naturæ parem, socians artem,	
Sibi, suisque	
Ad vitam placide,	10
Et tranquille agendum	
Designavit, instruxitque.	12

D. I. C.

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

IN the deep bosom of my grove
A sweet recess survey,
Where birds with elegies of love
Make vocal ev'ry spray.
A sylvan spot ! with woods---with waters crown'd,
With all the rural honours blooming round ! 6

II.

This little but commodious seat
(Where Nature weds with Art)
A'nt to the eye superbly great ;
Its beauties charm the heart.
Here may the happy founder and his race
Pass their full days in harmony and peace. 12

AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKEN BY MR. DIGGES AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter or the star of state,
That on the vain or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems with such emphasis impart
As an insignium near the Mason's heart ?

Hail, sacred Masonry! of source divine, 5
Unerring mistress of the faultless line!
Whose plumb of truth with never-failing sway
Makes the join'd parts of symmetry obey.

Hail to the Craft! at whose serene command 10
The gentle Arts in glad obedience stand;
Whose Magic stroke bids tell Confusion cease,
And to the finish'd Orders yield its place;
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd; 15
She regulates the morals, squares the mind;
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
And points the tide of passions where to roll;
On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,
And forms her Lodge an universal school, 20
Where Nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,
And sense and Science join'd go hand in hand.
O! may her social rules instructive spread
Till Truth erect her long neglected head;
Till thro' deceitful Night she dart her ray, 25
And beam full glorious in the blaze of day!
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move,
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in brothers' love.

AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

At a Charitable Benefit-Play, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease;
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace;
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts;
To stamp Fraternity on gen'rous hearts:
For these high motives—these illustrious ends, 5
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream: 10

Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
 And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes :
 From her high residence, from realms above,
 She comes, sweet harbinger of heav'nly love ! 14

Her sister's charms* are more than doubly bright
 From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night.
 An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,
 And on the gen'rous cheek a tincture glows [rose.
 More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live ; 20
 Fleeting the praise such monuments can give !
 But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,
 Sweet Charity ! amidst his ruins spar'd,
 Secures her votaries' unblasted fame,
 And in celestial annals saves their name. 25

AN INVITATION.

*Including the Characters of the particular Company
 that frequented Mr. Buxton's elegant Country-House
 at Weston, the Family intending for London.*

COME Daphne ! as the widow'd turtle true,
 Foremost in grief, conduct the mournful crew !
 Come, Delia ! beauteous as the new-born Spring,
 With song more soft than raptur'd angels sing :
 Let Thirlis in the bloom of summer's pride, 5
 With folded arms walk pensive by her side.
 Clarinda ! come, like rosy Morning fair,
 Thy form as beauteous as thy heart's sincere :
 On her shall Cymon gaze with rude delight,
 Till polish'd by her charms he grows polite. 10
 Dorinda next---her gay good humour fled,
 With silent steps and grief-dejected head !
 Palemon ! see his tuneless harp unstrung
 Is on the willow-boughs neglected hung !
 Come, Celia ! sigh'd for by unnumber'd swains : 15
 Rosetta ! pride of the extended plains :

* The Countess of Northumberland, who honoured the Charity with her presence.

With Phillis whose unripen'd charms display
 A dawn that promises the future day.
 With cypress crown'd, to Weston's groves repair;
 The conscious shades shall witness our despair: 20
 To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late so gay,
 Where in sweet converse we were wont to stray,
 The joys we've lost in plaintive numbers tell,
 And bid the social seat a long farwel!

AN APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

TO an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
 The wife (miscall'd) is but a widow'd maid.
 Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,
 If the dull rules of duty are forgot,
 Whatever ills from her defection rise,
 The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties. 6

AN INTRODUCTION

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,

*To a Play performed there for the Benefit of the
 Widows and Orphans of that Place.*

ON Widows---Orphans---left alas! forlorn,
 (From the rack'd heart its ev'ry comfort torn)
 Humanity to-night confers relief,
 And softens though she can't remove their grief.
 Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd, 5
 The sons of Sympathy, with sorrow chill'd.
 Behold the wretched Matron madly weep,
 And hear her cry---"My joys are in the deep!"
 To the tremendous Pow'r that rules mankind,
 Lord of the seas---the calm and boist'rous wind, 10
 We bow obedient, and with awe resign'd!
 His ways inscrutable we can't explore:
 No---we may wonder, but we must adore.
 Happy for ever be the gen'rous breast
 That feels compassion for the poor distress'd! 15
 Happy the hand that stops the suff'rer's tear!
 Such hands there are, and such we find are here. 17

A PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE MASONS.

*Delivered from the Stage by a Lady, at a Comedy
countenanced by that Fraternity.*

BROTHERS—'tis bold to interrupt your meeting,
But from the female world I wait you greeting.

[Curses.]

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons
That make them hope to be receiv'd as Masons.
To keep a secret, not one hint expressing;
To rein the tongue—O husbands! there's a blessing.
As virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,
Why should the fair be barr'd from installation?
If you suppose us weak indeed you wrong us;
Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us. 10
Think—Brothers—think, and graciously admit us;
Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us
How to be wiser and more cautious teach us;
Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us.
The faults of late, and ev'ry foul miscarriage, 15
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
Were caus'd (if I've a grain of penetration)
From each great lady's not being made a Mason.
Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us. 20

A POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD honest Tom G——d* get rid of a scold,
The torture and plague of his life,
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

A FRAGMENT.

*Part of a Poem written on Miss Bellamy when in
Dublin.*

FROM slavish rules, mechanic forms, unty'd
She soars with sacred Nature for her guide.
The smile of Peace---the wildness of Despair---
The soft'ning sigh---the soul dissolving tear;

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an Inn in Yorkshire.

Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew, 5
Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art,
To search the soul, and trace the various heart;
With native force, with unaffected ease,
To form the yielding passions as you please! 10

Oldmixon's* charms, by melody impress'd,
May gently touch the song-enamour'd breast;
But transient raptures must attend the wound
Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound!

Or should Mechel† all languishing advance, 15
Her limbs display'd in ev'ry maze of dance,
(The soul untouch'd) she captivates the sight;
But breathing wit with judgment must unite
To give the man of reason unconfin'd delight. 19

A FRAGMENT.

TO MR. WOODS,

Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.

WHERE Mersey‡ trollsherwealth-bestowing waves,
And the wide sandy beach triumphant laves;
Where naval store in harbour'd safety rides
Unmov'd by storms, unhurt by threat'ning tides,
Commerce—paternal goddess! sits serene, 5
Commandant of the tributes of the main.

But yet no temple lifts its high-topp'd spire;
Simple her seat---and artless her attire!
Around attendant priests in order wait,
Guileless of pomp and ignorant of state; 10
The godhead's pow'r tho' unadorn'd they own,
And bend with incense at her low-built throne.

Pallas beheld---she quits the ambient skies,
And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries:
“Is it for thee---my Woods! to sit supine? 15
“ (Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)
“Is it for thee---to whose mysterious hand
“Science and sister Arts obsequious stand, 18

* A lady celebrated for singing.

† A dancer then in Smock-alley Theatre.

‡ The river Mersey, at Liverpool.

"Inglorious thus to let a goddess pine?
 "No throne---no temple---no superior shrine! 20
 "Haste, haste! command the well-wrought co-
 lumnas rise
 "And lift my fav'rite Commerce to the skies." 22
 * * * * *

A. RECANTATION.

OF spleen so dormant, indolence so great,
 I've thoughtless flatter'd what in truth I hate.

ACROSTIC.

PRAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces,
 (On a visit they came, and had just ta'en their places)
 Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces.
 Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright-ye.
 You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite ye.

Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceeding,
 Understand, dear Manma, there's some mischief a-
 breeding;

There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
 That your loves and your graces all swerve from
 their duty.

On my life, says dame Venus, I'll not thus be put on;
 Now I think on't last night some one call'd me Miss
 Sutton. 11

ACROSTIC.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows
 In the lap of northern snows,
 Deserts gloomy cold and drear,
 Only let the nymph be there,
 Wreaths of budding sweets would wear. 5

May would ev'ry fragrance bring,
 All the vernal bloom of spring:
 Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
 Dancing would attend their queen,
 Ev'ry flow'r that Nature spreads
 Rising where the charmer treads! 11

A CHARACTER.

THE Muse of a soldier so whimsical sings,
He's captain at once to four different kings;
And though in their battles he boldly behaves,
To their queens he's a cull and a dupe to their
knaves.

Whilst others are cheerfully join'd in the chace, 5
Young Hobbinsol's hunting the critical ace:
On feasts or on fasts though the parson exclaim,
Under hedges or haycocks he'll stick to his game:
Yet the priest cannot say he's quite out of his fold;
For he's always at church—when a tythe's to befold.

WITH A PRESENT.

I.

LET not the hand of Amity be nice,
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim ;
A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

II.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem,
If tender'd as a token of esteem. 8

III.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand---their due,
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

SENT TO MISS BELL H.....

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.
HAPPY trifles! can you bear
 Sighs of fondness to the fair?
If your pointed tongues can tell
How I love my charming Bell,
 Fondly take a lover's part,
 Plead the anguish of my heart.
 Go ye trifles, gladly fly,
 (Gracious in my fair one's eye)

MISCELLANIES.

139

Fly—your envy'd blifs to meet ;
Fly, and kifs the charmer's feet.

10

Happy there with waggish play
Though you revel day by day,
Like the donor, ev'ry night
Robb'd of his fupreme delight,
To fubdue your wanton pride,
Ufelefs you'll be thrown afide.

16

FROM A TRUANT

TO HIS FRIENDS.

'TIS not in cells, or a fequefter'd cot,
The mind and morals properly expand :
Let youth ftep forward to a busier fpot,
Led by Difcretion's cool conducting hand.

4

To learn fome leffons from the fchools of man,
(Forgive me) I forfook my darling home ;
Not from a light and undigefled plan,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.

8

In your affections (let refentment fly)
Reftore me to my long-accuftom'd place ;
Receive me with a kind forgiving eye,
And prefs me in the parent's fond embrace

12

FROM THE AUTHOR

TO A CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

I.

HYPOCRISY's Son!

No more of your fun ;
A truce with fanatical raving,
Why censure the ftage ?

'Tis known to the age
That both of us thrive by---deceiving,

6

'Tis frequently faid
That two of a trade
Will boldly each other befpatter :

But truft me they're fools
Who play with edg'd tools ;
So let's have no more of the matter,

12

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